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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 135.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 4, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

MISS ELLEN TERRY VISITS HER BIRTHPLACE

The famous actress passing along the streets of Coventry, her native town (with its M.P., the novelist, Mr. A. E. W. Mason), on Saturday. The occasion of the visit was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new theatre

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Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
July 4, 1906

The celebration of the King's June birthday took place last week. The King's favourite birthday, however, is, we believe, his November birthday, which, by an odd coincidence, happens to be celebrated on the anniversary of His Majesty's birth.

* * *

The usual careful search for celebrities among the Birthday Honours has revealed two (among the knights), and Sir Luke Fildes and Sir Carruthers Gould are, accordingly, the recipients of universal congratulations. Any reader knowing anything about any of the other new knights in the list should send in to us. There *may* be money in it. Keep your Honours List!

* * *

In these days, when Unionist unity is more than ever in demand, the action of a small number of Conservative M.P.'s, in taking part in divisions in the House of Commons, and thus separating themselves from the bulk of their colleagues, is exciting general resentment.

* * *

Wales, last week (for her sins), had an earthquake sent her —London (for hers) a flood, and Londoners who were in Town on Friday are busy trying to figure out why Wales should have had all the leniency.

* * *

The Welsh earthquake puts us in two minds. It is pleasant to learn that no real damage was done but, on the other hand, it is rather a blow to national pride to learn that the scientific gentleman in the Isle of Wight who registers these little matters could only just see it with a microscope.

* * *

A blood-stained razor has been found by a boy on a piece of waste land near Ascot, and it is conjectured that it may have some connection with the Camberley murder. But if every blood-stained razor is to be regarded as a Camberley "clue," there is scarcely a toilet-table in the country that isn't liable to suspicion some morning or other.

* * *

It is stated that it will be necessary to dress the troops in red coats before they will be able to impress the Zulus. This is one way of red-dressing the Zulus' grievances.

* * *

A contemporary deplores the absence on the hoardings of striking posters. Obviously, it is the artists that are striking.

* * *

Mr. Felix Schuster must have been Mr. Schuster *felix* when he read the Honours List last week.

* * *

I have every sympathy with a man who subjects himself to a painful operation in order to cure a chronic malady, but in the case of Mr. Frank McGlynn, a rheumatic of Philadelphia, who permitted himself to be stung by one hundred bees, I should have thought the malady preferable to the cure.

* * *

Apropos of the Chicago meat scandals, it is said that England is not much better, and we ourselves, during a recent visit to the House of the Commons, observed a grille which is daily used for human beings.

* * *

The Conservative Press has, for some time past, been proclaiming Mr. F. E. Smith the coming man of the Unionist Party. Pretty Fanny is soon to have a rival in Pretty Effie.

* * *

It was stated in evidence at the recent Butter Commission that there is 40 per cent. of water in cheese. We are glad to know, at any rate, what composes 40 per cent. of the cheese we eat.

* * *

In last Friday's *Westminster*, it was very appropriate that the list of new recipients of the Order of the Bath was placed next the announcement that our contemporary's office was several inches deep in water, owing to the floods.

* * *

The New York *Independent* thinks that almost anything may happen in a country (England) where, among other things, "duchesses buy the votes of working-men with kisses." Compared with the prices paid for them in American elections, certainly votes are got rather cheaply in this country.

The War Office and the Meat Scandals

(The authorities are quite satisfied as to the quality of the meat served out to the troops)

There was an O.C.A.S.C.
Who observed, "It is patent to me,
That it must be a treat
For soldiers to eat
Such very high M.E.A.T."

RACING NOTIONS

RACEHORSE OWNERS AND RACECOURSE OWNERS. BY "CARBINE"

An Important Racing Dispute

How is all this bother between the owners and the racecourse executives going to end? Which side will give way? One or the other must relinquish their uncompromising attitude before long, otherwise a deadlock will ensue, and a damaging blow be struck at the prestige of the Turf. The Sandown Park Meeting on Friday and Saturday did not suffer so much as expected, probably because the majority of stakes had closed before the dispute with the Racehorse Owners' Association reached its culminating point. But things look bad for the future Esher meetings this season unless a satisfactory settlement can be arrived at during the next few weeks. And Sandown Park, of course, will not be the only meeting to suffer. To be consistent, the Racehorse Owners' Association must go for every racecourse which does not provide free stabling.

A Strong Combine of Owners

The strength of the new Association is undeniable. It numbers 170 members, and includes many men of exceptional wealth, influence, and importance on the Turf. They own about 2,000 racehorses between them, so that havoc will be caused to racecourse dividends should they stick firmly together, and hold out about this question of stabling charges. But will they do this? It seems to me that a good many of them did not know what they were letting themselves in for when they joined the Association. They wanted to get some of the heavy expenses reduced, but I imagine they hardly wanted to get into direct conflict with a popular meeting like Sandown. At all events, they did not think that the racecourse people would offer such a stubborn resistance to their demands as they now have to encounter. Headed by the Duke of Richmond, the racecourse authorities make a powerful and united association, and they are bold enough to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and actually threaten to refuse entries from their present opponents, which would be a situation truly Gilbertian in every way.

The Power of the Jockey Club

It is a pretty imbroglio. The Jockey Club is looking on with interest, coupled, I think, with a little amusement. People thought that the new Owners' Association might jeopardise the power of the Jockey Club, but they have no more chance of doing that than they have of turning cart-horses into Derby winners. A word from the Jockey Club could, I believe, settle the matter immediately. Many good people, as I have said, belong to the Association, but it is not really representative of the best class of owners, such men, for example, as the Jockey Club draw their members from. On the whole, I think Sandown Park has scored over the business so far. The members of the Association decided not to enter horses for the meeting, yet several of them took good care not to sacrifice the entries they had already made, and Mr. W. Bass, who is one of the Council, actually won a race on Saturday with Royal Lass. The colours of Sir Edgar Vincent, another prominent member of the Association, were also seen at the meeting.

Were the Owners too Dictatorial?

Whether or not a charge should be made for stabling accommodation is, of course, purely a matter of individual opinion. Kempton and other meetings are free in this respect, and I am rather surprised that Sandown maintains the old charges. But I can quite understand the objection to being bullied about it, and perhaps the Owners' Association were too dictatorial. The best way out of the difficulty seems to me to be for the owners to drop the boycotting—which, so far, has not been altogether successful—and endeavour, by gentler persuasive measures, to induce the racecourse authorities to grant concessions. I am sure that the Sandown people, sensible and level-headed as they usually are, will in time see the advisability of gracefully conceding the point in question; but they will not be driven into doing it without a big struggle.

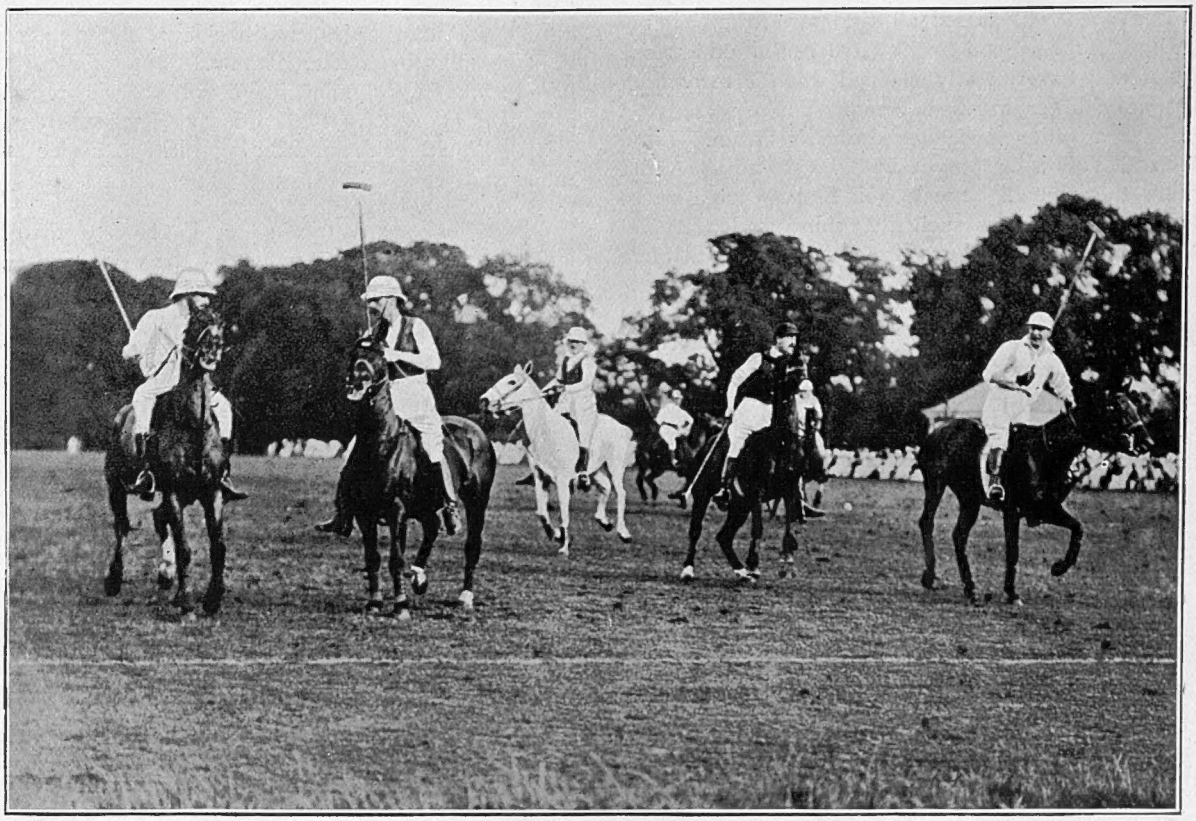
An Eventful Rainstorm

Imagine that terrific rainstorm of last week putting £1,724 into a man's pocket. Yet that is probably what it did do for the Duke of Westminster, and it meant a proportionate loss to Major Eustace Loder. The latter would not run Spearmint for the Sandringham Stakes at Sandown Park on Friday for fear of the hard ground, and struck the horse out of the race on the preceding day. Down came the rain in torrents a few hours later, and it is tolerably certain that if Major Loder could have foreseen the tremendous downpour, he would have allowed Spearmint to take his chance. The Derby winner's absence cleared the way for the Duke of Westminster's Troutbeck, who added to his reputation by his decisive victory. Backers had a terrible blow on Saturday when Bellavista, the apparently smart Ascot winner, ran unplaced for the British Dominion Race. Thus a "4 to 1 on" chance went down, and Rockbourne won at "25 to 1 against."

Selections

For Newmarket on Wednesday my selection is **Roseate Dawn** for the Duke of Cambridge's Handicap, and **Hexagon** for the Plantation Plate. There seems to be little need to look beyond **Thrush** for the winner of the July Cup on Thursday, and I rely upon the superior class of **St. Amant** to pull him through the rich Princess of Wales's Stakes. The London Cup at Alexandra Park on Saturday may be won by **Best Light**.

Polo: Lords beat Commons at Ranelagh



A goal to the Peers

Postponed from a fortnight previously, the match took place last Saturday before a large gathering. The veteran Lord Harrington was playing for the Lords, and also the Duke of Westminster, who had delayed his departure for South Africa especially for this match, Lord Gerard, and the Duke of Roxburghe

Mr. Winston Churchill changing ponies

Though the Commons were represented by Lord Castlereagh, Lord Wodehouse, the Hon. Ivor Guest, and Mr. Winston Churchill, they were beaten by seven goals to *nil*, of which four were scored by the Duke of Westminster

IN PHYLLISTIA

(*The Débutante on the Court Lawns at Henley*)

I've been very scared all the way down, Timmy darling, for fear you might have seized on a cerise voile, and I very nearly clapped when I recognised my moon-flower in reseda-green. You're so sensible to have a white sunshade. Mine is cream. Little Roland Poly is clasping it in his arms now. And I don't think you'll be jealous if I show you a cream handkerchief. It is such a soothing shade for nasal application. Come away from these dreadful men, and sit and talk to me.

It is a very pretty sight, my dear, but oh! if you knew how many of them came from Fulham. In our railway carriage there was a man who talked of absolutely nothing but how he had bargained with the Borough Council to carry away rubbish for the remuneration of a shilling a load, when in reality he would have been delighted to *buy* it at half a crown a load! Whatever do you think of that for a prologue to an aquatic festival? His wife, who was perspiring all the way in white lawn, asked *me* if I thought we should be in time for the first race. Just as if anything of that sort mattered, though I must say that the costumes of the competitors are most amusingly absent-minded.

* * *

Do you see that four going down now? One of those boys is a brother of Ian's. I met him at a dance in May, and he said he would not fall in love with me until after Henley, as he never had the courage of his opinions when he was in training. Gluttony makes the sentimentalist, just as poverty rears the ascetic. Little Roland would be gurgling at us now if he was not so keen on getting in at the first table crush. Oh, my dear child, he's no catch at all. Fashionable pauper, you know! Scribbles for the papers—dull malice. Mrs. Lichtenspit O'Scandle has him in tow. I believe he's got a bunch of her pawn-tickets. Here comes mamma! The saffron-coloured man with her is a novelist. He writes books in collaboration with his wife—two a month. They owe a lot of money.

I never feel hungry in new clothes. But one must eat, or the men would put you down as unhealthy. I've had some iced salmon, lamb cutlet, chicken *chaudfroid*, strawberries and hock-cup, and I don't want to talk to anyone, Timmy. But, of course, here they come, swarming like country cousins round a bookie at Ascot. I'll have my sunshade now, Roly. Would you mind sitting with your face to the East?

* * *

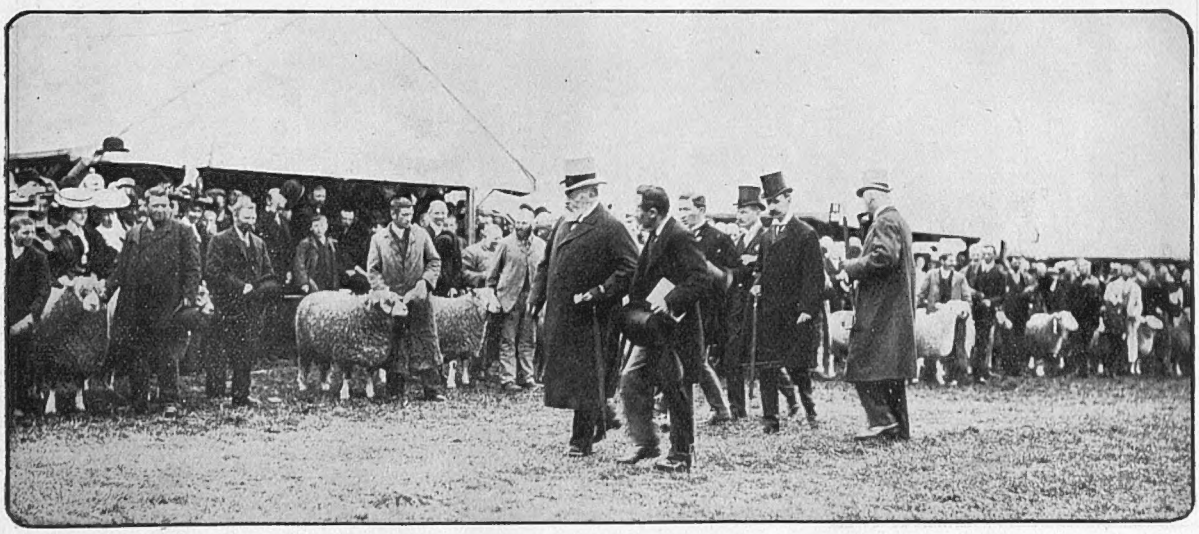
Oh, do look at that trio in the punt! Over there, look! in the seventeenth punt past the white launch, counting out-stream. Two nice girls and a man. The man holds the pole. Is that diplomacy? I once punted two boys for an hour and a half at Pangbourne. Neither of them offered to help, because they did not trust each other. As a matter of fact, I should have snubbed both. You can't imagine how passionate they looked when I rolled up my sleeves.

A heat for the Diamonds! That sounds rather quaint. What a dreadful way to struggle under such a sun. If I was their mother I should be dreadfully scared of their getting a sunstroke. Why couldn't they rig up an awning over the boat? Poor darlings! I quite love the fair-haired one. His face is so worn that I am sure he is bullied. If he wins, you will have to find him, and introduce me, Ian. Don't be huffy! You can punt me about in the evening.

* * *

I think we have gone far enough, Ian. You can pull up under that tree. Can you hear the ripples tickling the punt? That is because they want to kiss, and our boat has separated them. It wasn't a hint, but you did it so gently that I cannot be cross. If you shut your eyes, you can hear all the nasty people snoring and all the nice people singing. And after a little while, you hear a funny little noise like soft rain pattering on a silk petticoat. Do leave my poor little chin alone. I told you on Tuesday that I hated you. I'm only gentle now because the river is gentle. Give me a cigarette, and tell me that lovely story about the three little bears who all died of whooping-cough in the middle of the forest.

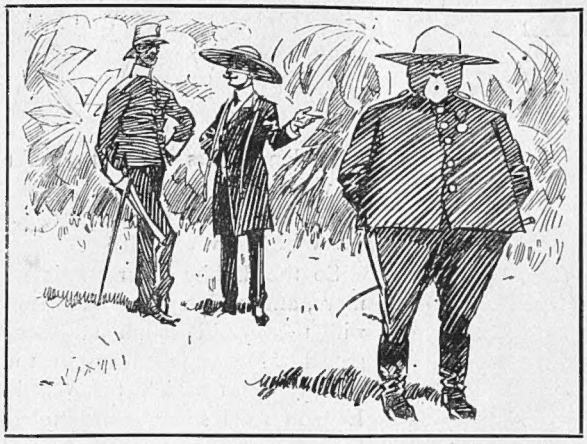
B. M. H.



Photo] **The Royal Visit to the Agricultural Show at Derby: The King inspecting his own exhibits** [*Topical Agency*

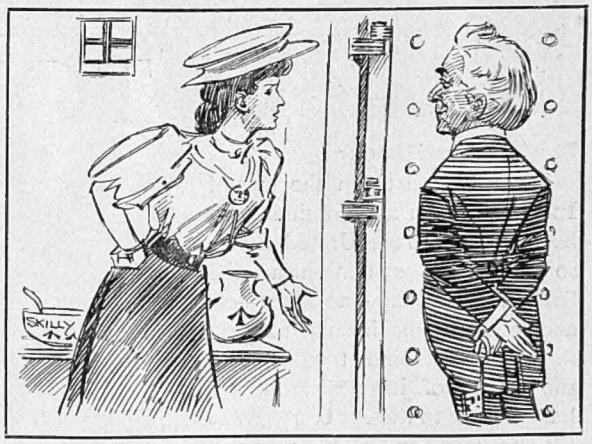
His Majesty, who celebrated one of his annual birthdays last week, travelled specially to Derby to visit the Show, which, in spite of the bad weather and the poor attendances of the last two or three years, has had an excellent "gate"

The Topictator



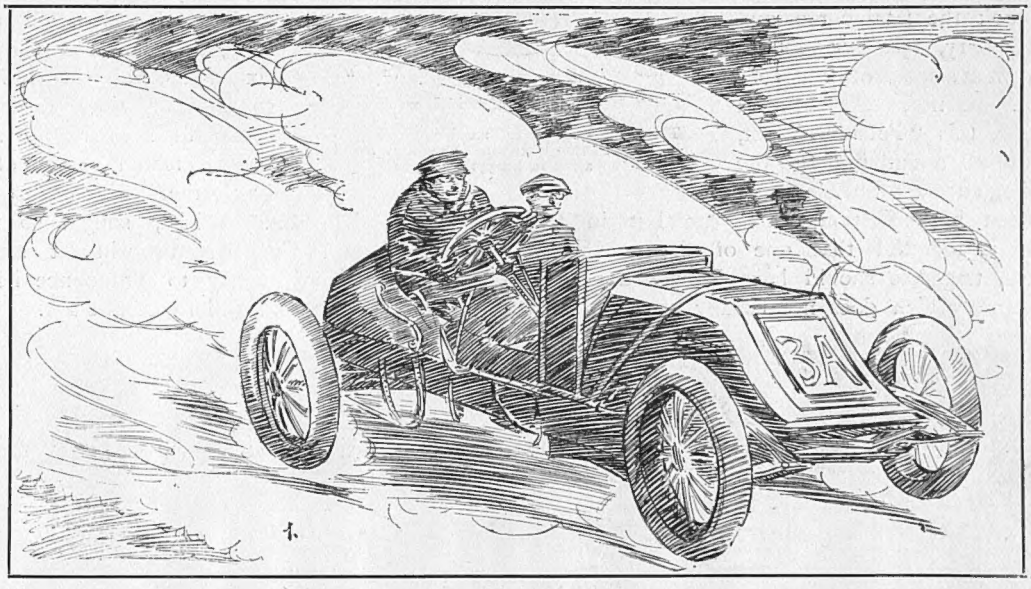
To Lick Creation

The London tailor, who is designing uniforms for the United States Army, hopes to make every officer look like a General. We trust the officer will be allowed to choose his General



Insult to Injury

MISS B-LL-NGT-N: "Free! but I don't want to be free—besides, I'm fearfully dangerous—and determined—and—oh! you *are* mean!"



Sisz! ! !—(in every sense)

The winner of the Motor Grand Prix

A Big Fish

Worcestershire, after going through half their season without a victory, beat Lancashire by an innings and thirty odd runs

Getting Through

BILL: "Warm work—eh, Birrell?"

ROUND THE TOWN

The Salisbury Disaster

It is sad that, on the eve of Independence Day, Britain should have to offer to the United States so terrible a salutation as the Salisbury railway accident—an accident which, in its suddenness, its gruesome tragedy, and the length of its death-roll, belongs rather to the American *genus* than to our own. The train, in which so many noted Americans lost their lives, met its fate, it is supposed, because of the truly American haste at which its driver took the fatal curve outside Salisbury, resulting in its derailment at a speed of sixty miles an hour. As noted elsewhere in this issue, this "Fourth" is not, in any sense, a happy one for the Republic, so many and frequent have been her afflictions this year, but in this case it is regretful that one of the saddest of American tragedies should have happened on our own island, which does not usually carry to such cruel lengths its desire to make its visitors feel at home.

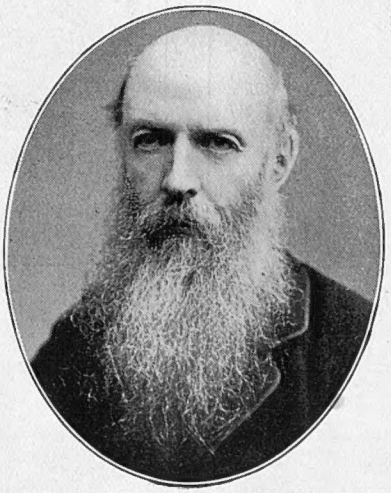


Photo *Barraud*

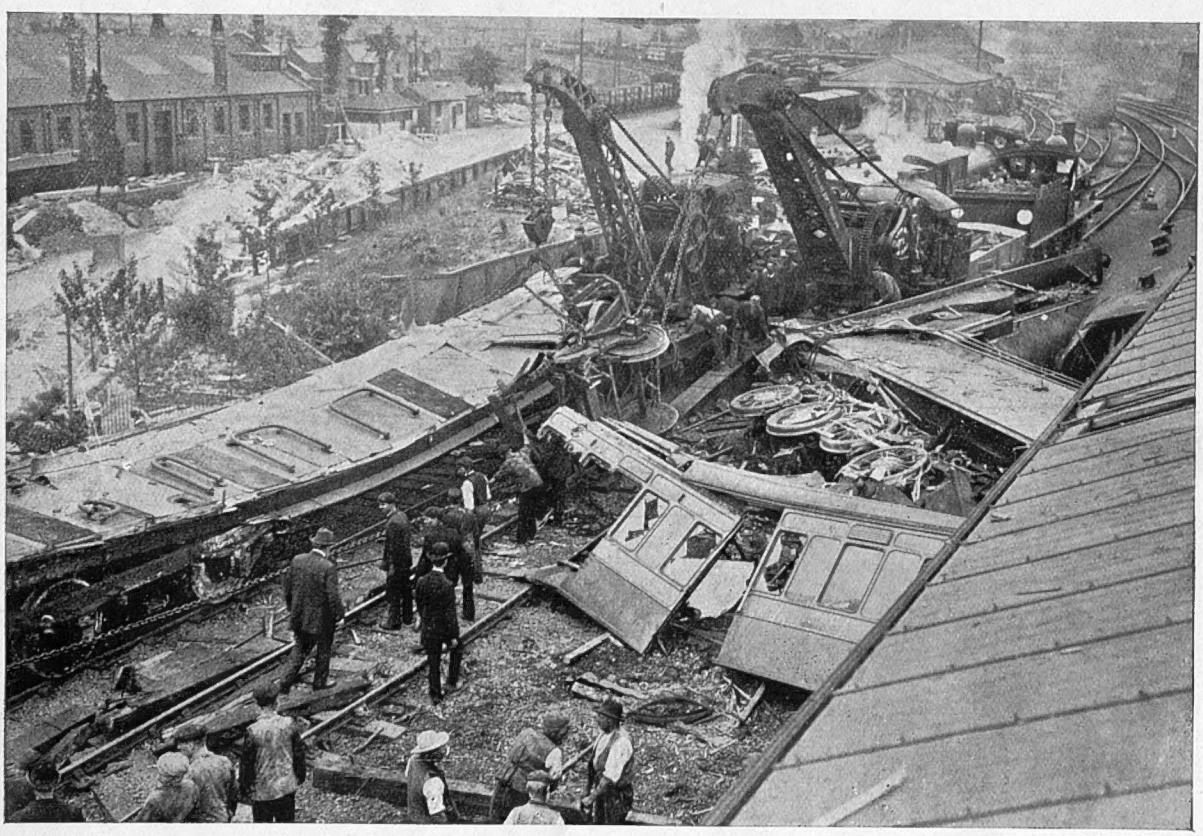
The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson

The "Lobby Laureate" and Total-Abstainer-in-Chief to the Universe, who has passed away in his 77th year

* * *

Sir Wilfrid Lawson

So the Lobby Laureate is no more, and no longer, to its sorrow, will the world laugh at those genial "lines picked up in the Lobby" with which Sir Wilfrid Lawson used so frequently to air his amusing views on drink, and Jingoism, and hereditary legislators, and the like. It is sad that Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who has only a few months been returned for his old constituency, after an absence from it of six years, should have lived so short a time to enjoy the renewed honour. Thus has death created one of those by-elections which the Government, in its Honours List, sought so manfully to avoid, and Cockermouth will, it seems, be the solitary constituency to pronounce its verdict on the Education Bill in its present stage.



Photo] **The Terrible Disaster at Salisbury: View of the wreckage at the station** [*Illustrations Bureau*

While the boat train from Plymouth, containing on board about forty-two passengers from the liner *New York*, mostly Americans and well known, was passing the curve outside Salisbury station at sixty miles an hour, the engine leapt from the rails, and resulted in a most appalling disaster, of which the above picture shows the resultant wreckage. Twenty-eight persons lost their lives, and about twelve were injured

Royal Week-End at Lovely Reigate

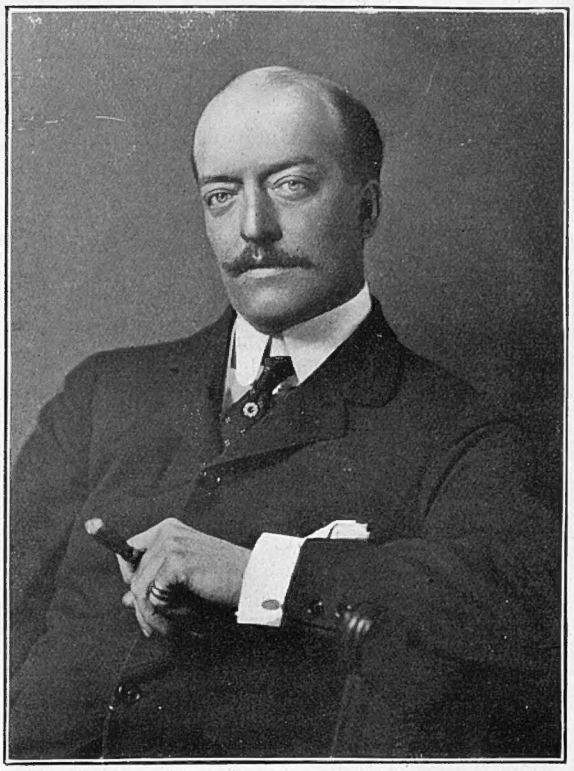


Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Photo *Lafayette*

Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville

Who entertained the King for a week-end recently at Reigate Priory

Photo *Frith*

Reigate Priory, where the King spent a recent week-end

Lady Henry Somerset's Surrey residence, at which its present tenants, Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville, entertained the King lately. It is so called because it occupies the site of an ancient priory, and is extremely picturesque in situation

The King's Visit to Derby

Royal Show Parties

The fact that the King found time to go North for the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Derby, of which Mr. F. S. Cornwallis, late M.P. for Maidstone, is this year President, probably accounted for the unusual number of house-parties which were held in the neighbourhood, with the Show as a *raison d'être*. Amongst them, Lord Burton was entertaining Prince Christian at Rangemore Hall, the Duke of Devonshire had a party at Chatsworth, and at Bretby Park, Lord and Lady Carnarvon had a large house-party. Lady Carnarvon is known as "*la petite Marquise*." Why, is not very obvious, unless it be that with her very dainty figure and face and talent for music, also of the dainty order, she represents to the English provincial mind the ideal of a French Marchioness of the story-book, Dresden china description. Lady Carnarvon's favourite home is at Highclere, where the rooms she occupies are decorated after her own heart — the boudoir in pinks and whites by a French artist and the music-room in white and silver, the walls panelled in white brocade, embroidered with silver thread; while of the many beautiful picture at Highclere, "The Wood Gatherers," by Gainsborough, and a portrait of Captain Acland, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, are the most valued by their owners. She has accompanied her husband on many of his shooting expeditions to foreign lands, including India, America, and Ceylon, but when in London, at the house in Berkeley Square, from which Lady Carnarvon entertains a good deal, she is, with her mother (who was a French lady, which, perhaps, accounts for the Marquise-like appearance of her daughter), a very regular attendant at the Opera. Lord and Lady Carnarvon's small son and heir—Lord Porchester—and their little daughter are also quite perfect specimens of the Dresden china style of beauty.

Lady Carnarvon
Who entertained a large house-party in connection with the King's visit to the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby at Bretby Park
(*From drawing by* Paul Helleu)

* * *

Primitive Passions in New York

Jealousy and the lust for revenge, where the honour of a woman closely connected with a man are concerned, are, recent events in New York would appear to prove, still the prevailing and over-mastering passions in even men of such effete civilisation as one would suppose most American millionaires to be. The story of the tragedy which occurred in New York last week when, during a performance at the

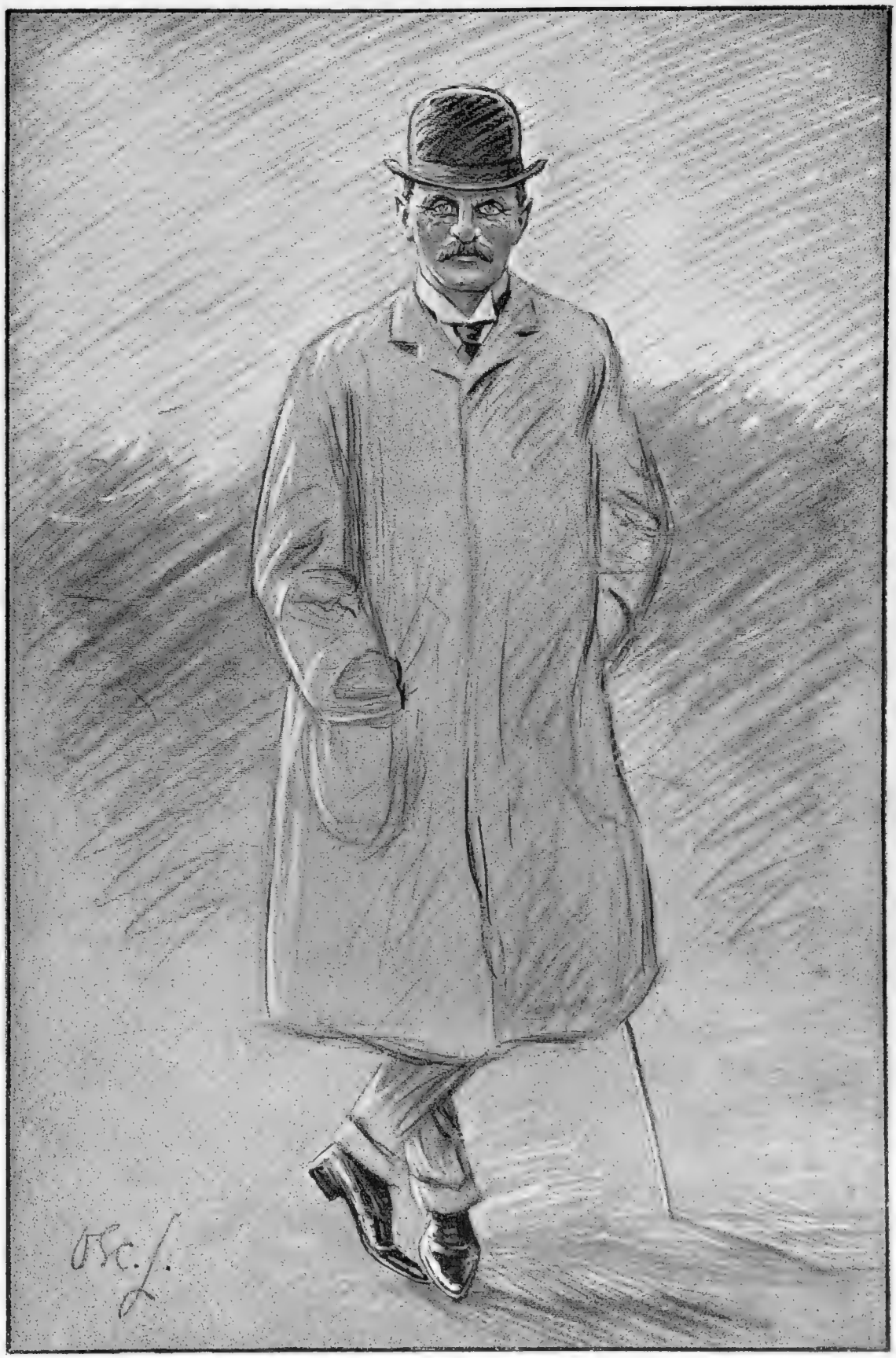
Photos

The Hon. Robert Ward
Whose engagement is announced

Lallie Charles

Lady Mary Acheson

The President of the Royal Show



Mr. F. S. W. Cornwallis

President of the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby, which has this year been attended by the King. He is the late M.P. for Maidstone

DRAWN BY OSCAR LARUM

A Week of Sport and Pageantry

Madison Square Roof Garden Theatre, the Pittsburg millionaire, Mr. Harry K. Thaw (whose sister, Miss Alice Thaw, it will be remembered, married, three years ago, the Earl of Yarmouth), shot dead Mr. Stanford White, a millionaire architect whose name is almost as well known here as in America, reads like the description of a brawl in some shanty up in the backwoods, where man returns to nature, rather than an event in a fashionable variety theatre in the most "civilised" city in the world. The wife of Mr. Thaw, *née* Evelyn Nesbit, and present with him at the theatre, it appears, was once a model and, at the same time, what Father Bernard Vaughan would call the "best friend" of the man on whom her husband has taken such summary revenge. Mercifully, revenge of this drastic, primitive nature is just about the last thing the Society husband of to-day would dream of taking, especially if he had once been brave enough to marry a lady whose profession, before marriage, had been that of a model, and a good thing, too for the population (so far as the upper classes are concerned, anyway). For, in Society, at any rate, if all the husbands started taking matters in their own hands and killing their wives' best friends, there would, in a very short time, be no husbands, and, worse still, no friends left. Besides, to take revenge for a deed which one is all the time doing oneself is, to say the least of it, bereft of logic or common-sense.

* * *

A Sporting Week

This week, apart from the fact that it is Henley week, to which adequate reference is made in other pages of this issue, may well be termed a sporting one, for sport of one kind or another is going on in all directions. Golf (by the way, a picture of the Scottish Lady Champion, Miss Dorothy Campbell, appears on this page) and polo, of course, are always with us, and last week, besides the tennis Championships at Wimbledon, which are still a centre of attraction, even the motor was dragged into the world of sport, for on Saturday, at Ranelagh, the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club gave an Automobile Gymkhana. In Town this week, there is that more social than sporting function, the University Match at Lord's, and, of course, innumerable balls and parties, at which the chief sport is the hunting of the harmless, necessary husband. At Newmarket, there is the Summer Meeting, for which, amongst others, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, father and mother of Lord Brackley, of West Indian fame, are giving a big house-party. In Warwickshire, the much-talked-of pageant is going strong.

* * *

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Miss Dorothy Campbell

Scottish Lady Golf Champion for 1906

Breakfast in the Garden

The Continental custom of dining and breakfasting out of doors has, as a result of two hot summers, rather caught on over here, and quite the latest form of amusement for the jaded *mondaine* and man about town is to breakfast, after a brisk canter in the Row, with one or other of one's friends who is fortunate enough to have a balcony overlooking the Park or, better still, a garden—even a London garden. Fruit, needless to say, forms the greater part of these *al fresco* meals, and talking of fruit reminds me that at a rather weird and wild dinner-party, chiefly composed of geniuses (or should I say genii?), which I was coerced into attending the other day, a woolly headed little man, seated opposite to me, partook of nothing all through a long dinner but raw fruit. A banana and two apples he munched reminiscently while I, feeling like a cannibal, but the victim of a healthy appetite, devoured half-cooked quail and fillets of steak to his secret and barely concealed horror. I learned afterwards, on inquiring the nature of the creature and where it came from, that it was a *Fruitarian*, and is pledged to touch nothing but raw fruit, a diet which does not, apparently, make for a *chic* appearance, for a more down-trodden looking specimen I have never yet encountered.

* * *

The West Indians

An old Etonian, who was a contemporary of Lord Brackley's at Eton, told me the other day that the latter certainly did not take out to the West Indies, or bring home, a team because of his own prowess with the bat, for, at school, there was never any idea of his attaining the honour of a place in the Eton Eleven. It would appear, therefore, that there is still some slight advantage in being a lord if one can carry teams about quite regardless of the fact that one is, or is not, a good cricketer oneself. Lord Brackley, however, is quite a good man with the bat, though, of course, he cannot be compared, except as regards their alleged mutual fondness for sartorial joys, with his friend and constant companion, Mr. Cyril P. Foley. The latter once made a century for Eton, and later won a match for Cambridge against Oxford, and he still plays in the purest Eton style, and in the most elegant manner. On his friend, Lord Brackley, therefore, he keeps, in the field, a careful, watchful eye. Both of them have seen service in South Africa, and Mr. Foley was in the

A Cricket-Loving Peer

Jameson Raid, in which he acquitted himself with great distinction.

* * *

The Warwick Pageant

Small mercies, if one is only patient enough to look and wait for them, are constantly vouchsafed us I have two on hand myself at the present moment. One is that the Warwick Pageant is taking place at Warwick, which, this weather, seems a terrible distance from town, which might have meant that I should have been asked, commandingly, to go; and the other is, that, by the end of the week, the pageant will be over. Of course, it is very nice of those two thousand Warwickshire folk (they are called "folk" to distinguish them from the county), the members of the Warwickshire Hunt, and a few more distinguished people, such as Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Ronald Goodenough, Mrs. Thursby-Pelham, and Mr. Edmund Bourke to come to Mr. Louis Parker's assistance and make interesting spectacles of themselves on the lawns of Warwick Castle, and I daresay they are enjoying themselves hugely, just as one used to enjoy "dressing up" in one's babyhood and a little later. But, really, unless to find material for mirth, I cannot imagine anyone travelling far to see a present-day type of man or woman masquerading as a Pict or a Druid, or the inevitable Queen Elizabeth; and as for the Scots, like golf, these, too, are always with us, chiefly in the state of civilisation they were in when the Picts either bothered them or helped them (I forget which it was). So why depict them as they were so long ago? They are quite bad enough now. Talking of pageants and the like, I see the "Masque" which Lady Alex Egerton has written is to be performed at Miss Conti's forthcoming matinée, which will take place, by permission of the Duchess of Sutherland, who is shortly giving a big ball, at Stafford House.

Photo *Dickenson*

Lord Brackley

Whose team secured a narrow victory over the West Indians at Lord's lately. Lord Brackley is an enthusiastic cricketer, and took out, last year, a team to the West Indies

* * *

Dances of the Week

Although last week was the fullest of the season so far as balls and dances were concerned—the Duchesses of Devonshire and Westminster, Mrs George Lawson-Johnston, and Lady Fitzwilliam, being just a few of the many hostesses, besides the Baroness de Forest—this week, owing to the many day-time fixtures — the speeches at Harrow to-day

Photo] **The Warwick Pageant** [*W. H. Bowman*

The episode of Queen Elizabeth embarking on the State barge for a trip on the Avon. The pageant, which began on Monday, is now in full progress, and is gratifying thousands of pilgrims

Dances and Social Functions

being one of them—there are not quite so many. Lady Dartmouth had a dance on Monday, on which night Lady Wimborne was also entertaining, and yesterday both Lady O'Neill and Mrs. Codrington gave dances, but the big dance of the week is Lady Plymouth's. Her beautiful house in Mount Street is an ideal one for a dance, and it is always kept cool with unlimited blocks of ice, which are placed in every available corner. Lady Plymouth, like all the Pagets, is an adept in the supreme art of entertaining, and always makes a great success of her parties. To-morrow, the Eighty Club are holding their ball at the Wharncliffe Rooms, and Lady Crewe is receiving the guests, her husband being a Vice-President of the Club.

* * *

Photo] **Lady Plymouth** [*Beresford*

Who is giving a big ball on July 5 in Mount Street

Entertaining the King

A young couple who may count themselves as amongst the favoured few whose parties His Majesty attends, are the Baron and Baroness de Forest, who last Thursday gave a big ball at Spencer House, the mansion in St. James's Square which they have taken from Earl Spencer. The Baron, who, although by birth an Austrian, is in everything else (he is naturalised) an Englishman, and was educated at Eton and Christchurch, is one of the few men belonging to the Roman Church who has been favoured by the Pope to the extent of being granted a divorce from his first wife, Mme. Menier, a year after his marriage to that lady. With almost unlimited wealth at his command (a factor which *may* have weighed with his spiritual pastor and master), as the adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, Baron Maurice de Forest married, two years ago, the Hon. Ethel Gerard, only sister of the present Lord Gerard, and one of his wedding presents to his bride was one which few kings even are in a position to present, viz., a rope of pearls worth about £70,000. The Baroness's jewels are, indeed, priceless, and include a great many left her by her godmother, the late Lady Rosebery. It is said, though I won't vouch for the truth of the story, that the Baroness, a fervent Roman Catholic, disdaining the help of man, sets a small saint to guard her jewels each night. So far, too, the saint has been in luck, for they are all intact, and the saint, of course, takes the credit!

Photo *Kirk and Sons*

Baron de Forest's steam yacht "Honor"

The Baron, who, it will be remembered, is an adopted son of the late Baron Hirsch, is a keen yachtsman, and the above is one of the largest yachts of her kind in the world

The Baroness de Forest

Photo] **Baroness de Forest** [*Lafayette*

Who gave a big dance last Thursday at Spencer House, which was honoured by the presence of the King. The Baroness is a daughter of the late Lord Gerard, and is very fond of yachting (on the *Honor*), riding, jewellery, animals, and flowers

Next to yachting, of which both she and her husband are very fond (their yacht, *Honor*, is one of the largest of her kind afloat), the Baroness loves riding, animals, and flowers, with which, when at home, she is generally surrounded in tremendous profusion, and one of her small hobbies is to train birds to do tricks of the most varied nature.

* * *

Deserted Concert Rooms

Time was when musical performances had their apportioned place in the hurly-burly of the London season. It seems not long ago that it was almost as smart to be seen on a hot midsummer afternoon in the Queen's or St. James's Halls as it was to be found at Ranelagh or Hurlingham, at Ascot or at Henley. It is even within my recollection that town people used to flock to Sydenham *en masse* to hear the Handel Festival in the June week that has just expired. How great a change has come over us. A man or woman found listening to a symphony or ballad concert, a vocal or instrumental recital, in June or July to-day would probably be looked upon as hopelessly and irremediably serious, and anyone honestly buying a ticket for the Handel Festival would be avoided as dangerous. People of course do attend concerts (and the Festival), but

Russian Opera in London

they are not of that class of Society whose sins are now being so ardently denounced by Father Vaughan, and which people still persist in designating "smart." The Opera continues to be the one musical function which, in the season, is deemed worthy of inclusion in the great rush. There the Wagnerian decree has long since ceased to call opera-goers to their seats at unwholesomely early hours. The more genial vogue of Italian and French opera holds sway.

Madama Butterfly continues to be the prime favourite, though *La Bohème* has by no means lost its magic. Friday last witnessed the first production at Covent Garden of the much-talked-of *Eugene Oneghin*. The Russian composer's music is highly popular still in England, hence a large and interested audience.

* * *

A Vandal Festival

Camp-stools and sandwiches were the order of the day when Suburbia, with all its Vandal propensities, held its triennial musical banquet at the Crystal Palace last week. Of course, though Handel is Handel, one really does get a little tired after hearing nothing but his works for the best part of a week, for practically all the fine and beautiful points are utterly swamped by the vastness of the choir and the hugeness of the building. Indeed, these two immensities are only exceeded by the size of the audience, which spreads itself, *à la* Terry matinéers, on camp-stools over the entire Palace. Those of the audience who are not intensely provincial seem to be superannuated ex-members of the choir, who gibber and gesticulate in the most alarming way during the performance of any piece in which, in their more palmy days, they had taken part If the choir, orchestra, audience, and building were exactly halved, the Handel Festival might, possibly, be tolerable.

* * *

Some Engagements and a Wedding

An interesting engagement in the Diplomatic world is that of Mr. Hugh Crofton Lowther, Councillor of Embassy at Tokio under Sir Claude Macdonald, to Miss Dolly St. John, daughter of Sir Frederick St. John, who, a little while ago, published his "Recollections of a Retired Diplomatist." Mr. Lowther, who belongs to a younger branch of the family of which Lord Lonsdale is the head, and who was a great rowing man at Balliol, is one of the best-known skaters in the amateur world—he owns the gold medal awarded by the Amateur Skating Association—was Secretary of Legation at Berne under his future father-in-law, and before his promotion to his present appointment at Tokio was First Secretary at Rio. He has known his future bride—a vivacious and pretty girl—since she was a very small child.

Signor Battistini

Who sang in the first production of *Eugene Oneghin*, the Russian opera, at Covent Garden last Friday

Three more engagements are those of Captain Guy Dawnay, of the Coldstreams, son of Colonel and Lady Victoria Dawnay, and nephew of Lord Grey and Lord Downe, to Miss Cecil Buxton, Lady Chichester's sister; the Hon. R. Ward to Lady Mary Acheson; and the Duc de Santona, who plays polo so much at Ranelagh, to Dona Sol Stuart, only daughter of the late Duc d'Albe, and a great-niece of the Empress Eugénie. The Duc, who, in the English peerage, is Duke of Berwick and Earl of Tinmouth, was first married to a sister of Lady William Nevill.

Lady Mary Sackville, whose engagement I announced early in the year, is to be married on Friday to Captain Griffin, A.D.C. to his future wife's brother-in-law, Sir Gerald Strickland, in Australia. The course of the De La Warr love affairs, it will be remembered, is not famous for its smooth-running propensities, but all's well that ends well.

* * *

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Alice Egerton

Who has written a masque, to be performed at Miss Conti's Stafford House matinée shortly

Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox

The subject of our frontispiece is the daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, a niece of the Duke of Richmond, and one of the most popular girls in Society. The fact that most of her time is spent with her parents, whose only child she is, at Broughton Castle, the beautiful old place near Banbury, which Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox rents from Lord and Lady Saye and Sele, probably accounted for the rumour which grew with great rapidity early in the year, that she was engaged to the heir of an Oxfordshire Earl, a rumour which, however, received official denial pretty quickly from the parties most concerned. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox has recently purchased an ancient castle on the island of Capri, and she and her husband and daughter spent most of the Spring on that delightful island.

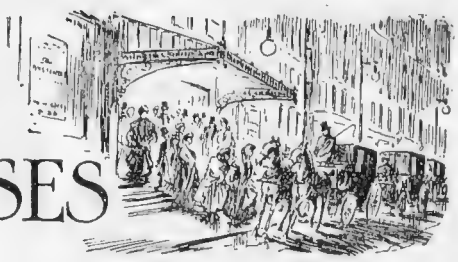
BYSTANDER.

A Cool Proposal

TRAMP (*who has just asked for a trifle*) : 'Scuse me, ma'am, but if this 'ere copper says I've been beggin', you might tell 'im I ain't, and that I'm only your 'usband

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

The PLAYHOUSES



Haymarket Theatre

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S"

How many years is it since Mr. Punch's pages were enlivened with weekly instalments of Mr. Anstey's "*Voces Populi*," "Lyre and Lancet," and so forth? A good many, and yet the point of view — the temperament—which inspired those pasquinades and gave spirit and *élan* to *The Man from Blankley's* remains as fresh to-day as when, somewhere far away in the last century, we first recognised and admired a new light. It is curious that the most flourishing play at the present moment in Town should be one written long ago, produced some years back, run with immense success in many countries, and fairly well known to every playgoer in every part of the world. Yet such is the little history of *The Man from Blankley's*, which now draws no small portion of fashionable London to the Haymarket. A thousand plays —many better made, many quite as clever, some as gay and as light—have come and gone, and yet Mr. Anstey's attempt at social comedy lives on in the favour of all classes of audiences. Without attempting to analyse so elusive a subject as success, it seems to us that *The Man from Blankley's* owes its continued popularity to Mr. Anstey's point of view, to the public's caprice, and to Mr. Hawtrey. For the humour of the piece is mostly as old as the 'eighties. The central idea—that a suburban hostess should send to the Stores for a guest—is a long-exploded illusion. Since the war, there are far too many young gentlemen in want of a dinner to make an agent and a fee necessary. But granted all that, and a very great deal more, from the moment Mr. Hawtrey and Miss Brough are brought into conjunction, the action goes forward with agreeable expedition and laughter—buoyant, unthinking, clearer, and more charming than that which welcomes the humours of musical comedy —rings continually through the theatre.

Perhaps we don't really care very much about the story, and the fact that Lord Strathpeffer should be in love with the extremely well-bred and attractive governess that Miss Dagmar Wiehe gives us. The fortunate, but fortuitous, circumstances that bring them together belongs to the dear old Anthony Trollope style of romance, the sort of conventional ingredient always thrown in by the accomplished playwright whenever a little social comedy has to be supplied. But what does matter is that Mr. Hawtrey is the lover. That interests everybody.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

An actress or not an actress?

The momentous question as to whether Miss Ethel Karri Thomas is an actress or not has at last been decided in her favour after three legal and wordy battles, and every "Gibson Girl" can now claim the honour of being a full-blown actress

Mr. Hawtrey's Victories

It might be said that the art of the actor in such parts as that of Strathpeffer is shown by the amount of skill with which he presents his natural self—at its best. This is just what Mr. Hawtrey seems to be to his audience—an audience, one must own, already greatly prejudiced in his favour by delightful memories of other plays. This is one of the open secrets of Mr. Hawtrey's pleasing victories, that beneath the mask of the play his friends in front think they recognise a charming man of the world.

In our time there has been no actor who has made so just, so straightforward, and so untheatrical a claim on the amused sympathy of his many audiences. He has been the excellent humbug, the pleasing man of the world, the abominably selfish friend, and the sincerest and most alluring of lovers, the wickedest, and brightest, and gayest of husbands, the most admirable liar, many hundreds of times for our entertainment, but in each and all of his many parts, he has conveyed that he is well-bred, that he is a gentleman, if one may use that word. It is this same quality that shows in the writing of Mr. Anstey's by no means technically great play. With this combination in the man who acts and the matter that is acted, it only remains for the public to be in a mood when the vulgar and banal, the psychology of sex, and the dissection of the baser human emotions has begun to bore, for a lasting success to be accomplished.

"The Man from Blankley's" at the "Haymarket"

Miss Fanny Brough as Mrs Montague Tidmarsh

Mr Charles Hawtrey as Lord Strathpeffer

Miss Dagmar Wicke as Miss Marjory Seaton.

Mr Weedon Grossmith as Mr. Montague Tidmarsh

Mr Arthur Playfair as Dawes.

Miss Dorothy Minto as Kitty

Mr Sydney Valentine as Ossi

in

Ossi and the Little Maid.

Mr Aubrey Fitzgerald as Mr Piffley.

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

The curious collection of Bayswater characters of, say, 1886, who form the chorus to Mr. Hawtrey, Miss Brough, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith, are made to appear extremely important, for they are all vividly acted, and, as it were, forced upon the eye. Such names as Gilwattle (Mr. Kemble), Bodfish—with jokes about codfish and cold fish—(Mr. Laurent), Poffley (Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald), show a conscientious striving after a humorous effect, of the kind that was more easily obtained, we believe, in the farces of about 1850. Admirably as these minor parts are conceived, they are so over-accentuated in the writing as to be robbed of all verisimilitude to life. That is a fault one has often noticed in Mr. Anstey's work. He will drive home his point with a sledge-hammer, as who should say an English audience is a dull beast, and must be hit between the eyes every time. The result of the constant use of emphasis on the stage is to produce an effect not unlike a country-house charade, wherein everyone is determined to be funny whatever happens to the story. But as long as so excellent a company play *The Man from Blankley's* it will continue to interest.

"Olf and the Little Maid"

Mrs. Francis Blundell's work has always shown the true note of simple pathos and a sense of quiet humour. This comedy in one act is happy from beginning to end. Mr. Sydney Valentine bears the burden of the Dorset tongue and the greater part of the play with perfect success, and the rest of the excellent company support him and the charming Kitty (Miss Dorothy Minto) with good effect. Like Mr. Anstey's play which follows, it has about it the always welcome sentiment that love is enough, and a hint that although other things matter, they don't matter so much.

A New Musical Play

The taste of the London public is so all-embracing that it stretches even from Shakespeare to the musical farces. The new piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre is almost sure to succeed, for it is extremely like so many more of these, shall we say, light operas that have pleased in the past. What *The Geisha* does for Japan, the new *See-See* does for China. Mr. Charles Brookfield, who can be so extremely amusing, has not drawn very much on his fund of humour in composing the book of the play. It is founded, of course, on *La Troisième Lune*, and there is, as one expected, all the grace and charm of Oriental atmosphere, as seen through musical (play) glasses.

Mr. Huntley Wright returns to the fold as Hang-Kee, and the reader will know what he is like and how good his part will be a little later on. Miss Denise Orme is the delightful See See, and a troupe of charming ladies and clever gentlemen make up the characters of an entertainment which can hardly be called new, but preserves for us many pleasant memories. Mr. Maurice Farkoa has also returned, and is very effective in the old way; Mr. W. H. Barry improves his popularity. Some clever lyrics come from the ever-fruitful pen of Mr. Adrian Ross, and the music, clever, too, and dainty, gay and welcome, is by Mr. Sydney Jones. The play is staged as only Mr. Edwardes manages these things—everything is bright, and graceful, and charming. One only wishes it were the first time we had seen this sort of *mélange*. Ah, then it would be superb.

H. W. E. M.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's Return: The famous actress before her touring tent in America

The Divine Sarah returned to France a few days ago on board the *Tourraine*, after her tour through America where, in spite of the Theatre Trust, whose opposition made it necessary for her on many occasions to make use of a gigantic tent, outside which our photograph shows her, she has met with a royal reception on every side

Humours of "The Geisha"

Photo *Stage Pictorial Co.*

Wun-Hi and Lady Constance

The famous scene in *The Geisha* which still excites roars of laughter, wherein the "most mountainous" Lady Constance faints in the arms of Wun-Hi, the little Chinaman. The former is being played by Mrs. Watt Tanner, and the latter (Mr. Huntley Wright's old part) by Mr. Fred Wright

Some Possible Henley Winners

Kelly and Graham, of Leander, for the Goblets

A. A Stuart and D. C. Stuart, of the London R.C., for the Goblets

West, of W. Philadelphia B.C., for the Diamond Sculls

Leander for the Stewards' Cup. Guy Nickalls, R. B. Etherington-Smith, F. S. Kelly, and A. K. Graham

R. W. Adam Mercantile R.C., Melbourne, for the Diamond Sculls

H. Bourke, of the Tamer R.C., Tasmania, for the Diamond Sculls

Henley Regatta is now in full progress, having commenced on Monday at mid-day, and concluding to-morrow (Thursday). The regatta is thus a four-day function. Much sensation has been caused by the proposal of Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher that the Committee should, in future, exclude all entries from America

Favourites for "The Grand" at Henley

Henley Royal Regatta

With a record number of entries (sixty-nine), a four-days fixture, and some of the best crews seen at Henley for many years, this year's Henley week has proved to be of exceptional interest to rowing men.

We publish photographs of the three crews who were thought most likely to be found in the final struggle for this, the most coveted race of the season.

Always a good crew, Third Trinity, coached by Mr. J. H. Gibbon, are this year exceptionally strong, approaching very nearly to the form shown by the remarkable team they sent down four years ago. They have the advantage of four Blues in this combination, and altogether, the Cantabs chances looked very rosy last week. They pick up the stroke and follow through very smartly, row well together, and answer in grand style to all demands made on them by their stroke, M. C. Albright.

Magdalen College also sends up a fine lot of men this year, in charge of the famous Oxford coach, Mr. Harcourt Gold. They are a heavy crew, L. R. A. Gatehouse, at 6, being over 14st., while E. H. L. Southwell, at stroke, is a stone and a half heavier than the Light Blue captain.

The Argonaut R.C., of Toronto, have made a great impression by reason of their strength and pace. I. Wright, their stroke, has visited England on four previous occasions, and with a crew averaging 6ft. 2in. in height, and 12st. 8lb. in weight, they are probably the strongest and heaviest combination that have ever raced here.

The Head of the River at Oxford (Magdalen)

The Head of the River at Cambridge (Third Trinity)

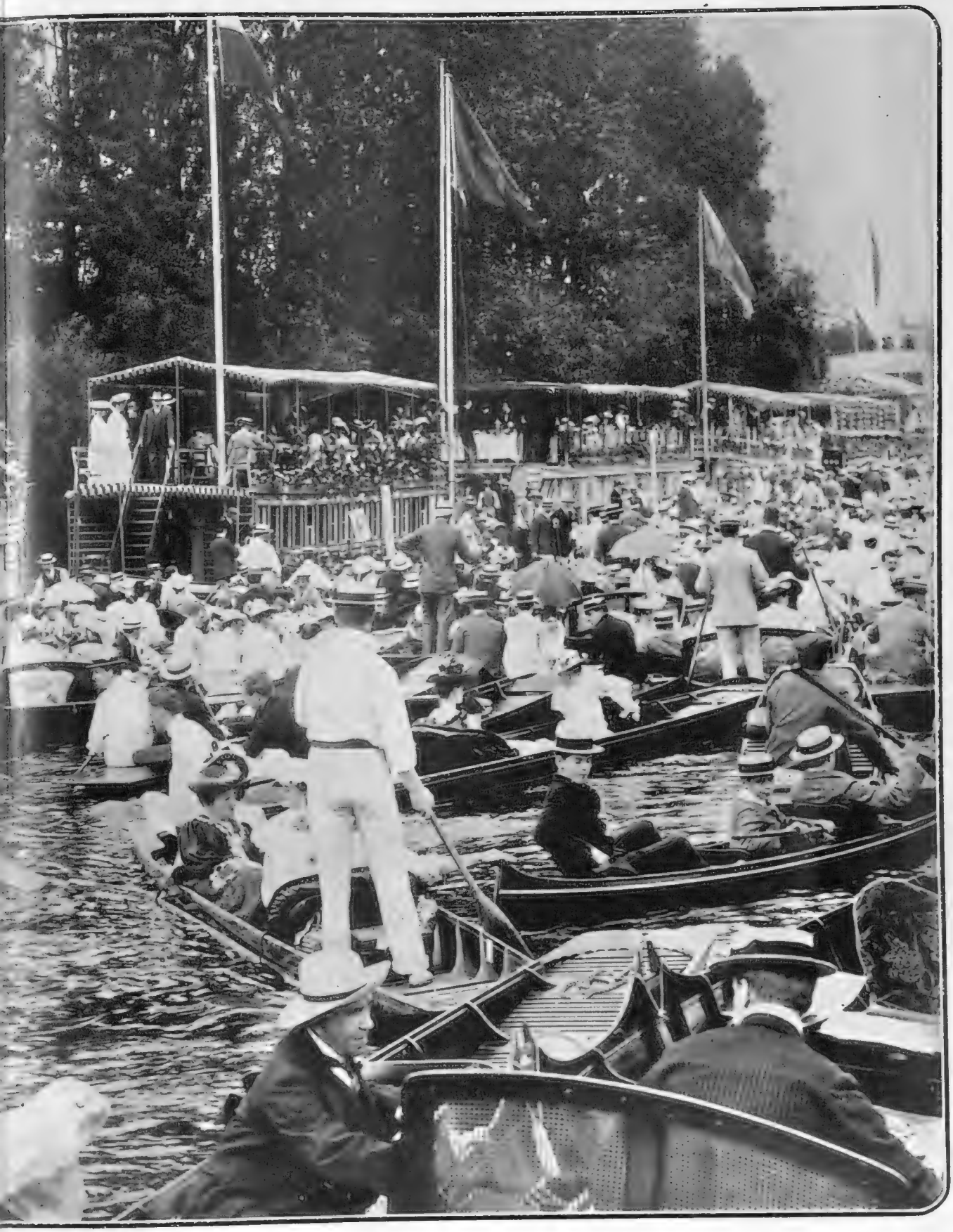
The Canadians: Argonaut, of Toronto

The Social Side

THE LINE OF HO

Henley marks the beginning of Society's great exodus from London. Given proper July weather, there are few gayer sights than a Henley R behind the boom is considerably better than has be

ide of Henley



OF HOUSEBOATS

Henley Regatta day, when everyone is in the best of tempers, in spite of frequent collisions and lack of space. The line of houseboats n has been the case for a good many years past

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

A Terrible State of Things

Strangers must have been struck by the number of unshaven people they met in our city on Sunday last, on a day when even the Parisian of the lower strata thinks it a disgrace to be seen with an unclean chin. And the good strangers, no doubt, lamented over this decadence and predicted evil things of a nation that loses pride in its personal appearance. Fortunately, there is no cause for alarm. This curious symptom is due to psychological causes. Compared to England, the number of Frenchmen able to apply the razor to their own skin is not great. A Frenchman's temperament has become distinctly passive. For centuries the Governments that succeeded one another here have, with a mistaken sense of their own importance, ruled their subjects in a grandmotherly fashion, forbidding one thing, then another, until they succeeded in atrophying all spirit of initiative in the people. Added to this came the administrative routine, with its grotesque restrictions and vexatious regulations, apparently framed for no other purpose than to worry and annoy the public.

* * *

The Barbers' Strike

And this system ate into their flesh to such an extent that they gave up every personal effort, even that of shaving themselves; so that when the barbers suddenly refused to work on Sundays, the customers did not know—as they say here—to what Saint they should appeal, and they walked about miserably, with scrubby faces. Of course, there were plenty of comic incidents on that eventful Sunday. The barbers' strike will be remembered, for Parisians will free themselves from *Messieurs les coiffeurs* like they freed themselves from officialdom.

* * *

H.M. of Cambodia Again

The Cambodian monarch seems to be appreciating French cooking more than anything he has seen since he has come on European soil. The dinner served him by the Prefêt of Marseilles's cook sent him into raptures. The *suprême de volaille* quite took the colour out of his favourite curried rice, and he was altogether so delighted with the dishes prepared by this distinguished *chef*, that he showed his appreciation by decorating the kitchen artist. Sisowath, however, made one little mistake, according to our ideas of precedence. Although this decoration was a compliment—an indirect one, if you like—to the Prefêt, it was rather unpleasant for this functionary to have his cook decorated instead of himself. Evidently the rank of Prefêt makes no impression upon Sisowath. He judges foreigners by their actions, not by their titles. The cook served him a good dinner, and he was grateful.

M. Georges Clémenceau

Who has been irritating the extreme Socialist Party in France by his outspoken remarks about the Tyranny of the People

* * *

Echoes of the Dreyfus Case

I strolled into the Court of Cassation, where the revision of the Dreyfus case is under discussion. The hall was half empty, but I was agreeably surprised to see Mme. Dreyfus there, accompanied by M. Hadamard and a few more friends who have stood by her in the hour of danger. She looked as calm and collected then as when I last saw her eight years ago, at the Zola trial, and I again was struck by her likeness to the late Mme. Carnot. Eight years ago! On that memorable day Esterhazy stood looking sneeringly at Colonel Picquart, whilst roughs in the streets, paid by the Anti-Dreyfusard clique, were shrieking "*Vive* Esterhazy!" and "*A mort*, Zola!" Since then, a clean sweep has been made of the miscreants — military and civilian — who faked up the case against the luckless Captain Dreyfus; and now the tardy hour of justice has struck. And I wondered what Mme. Dreyfus's feelings are at this moment.

* * *

The Tyranny of the People

M. Clémenceau's speech in the Chamber of Deputies, when he boldly attacked M. Jaurès, the formidable Socialist leader, will mark an epoch in French parliamentary life. Nor can it be denied that every right-thinking person—including those with very advanced opinions — will endorse our Prime Minister's admirably spoken words. Like a courageous man, he had the pluck of taking to task those who, at one time our servants, are now fast becoming our masters — the workmen; and, on reading his speech, we involuntarily think of Napoleon the First's prophetic words: "After the tyranny of kings you will have the tyranny of the people!" The oppressors of mankind were deemed tyrants because they compelled free men to work against their will. Yet there is no instance on record of even Dionysius having gone so far as to have

prevented his subjects from working. This new form of oppression has been put into force by the up-to-date workman, who, like the ancient despots, resorts to violence and destruction to attain his aim. Many a time have the walls of the Chamber of Deputies re-echoed the attacks by those clamouring for liberty, attacks invariably levelled against the rulers of the land. Now, for the first time, we have heard a powerful voice protest against the tyranny from below, at the same time severely censuring the organisers of this system. The Extreme Left—composed chiefly of red-hot Socialists—passed a *mauvais quart d'heure*, especially when M. Clémenceau asked them point-blank whether they approved these so-called manifestations wherein workmen were half-killed by the strikers because they had refused to join the movement. The Extreme Party was absolutely cornered. They could and dared not defend these excesses, yet they could not condemn them for fear of losing their popularity with the mob. They remained speechless, and it was on that M. Clémenceau had reckoned. Liberals, Radicals, Conservatives, Royalists, all sided with M. Clémenceau. Rarely has a man scored such a success.

* * *

"The Cart and Trumpet for Me"

There is a sentence in one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's prefaces that comes to my mind as I think of M. Chartran's garden fête: "The cart and the trumpet for me." Wonderful Mr. Shaw, and twice wonderful M. Chartran! How these gentlemen would appreciate each other!

"You understand the art of self-advertising better than any man I know," Shaw would say. "I couldn't do it better myself."

"*Après vous, Monsieur, toujours après vous*," would answer Chartran, with a courtly bow.

M. Chartran is a master, *un maître, ma chère*. Clever, very clever, this garden fête "in the white house at the corner of the Boulevard Victor Hugo." All Paris walks up to see the show; automobiles line the boulevard, and everybody drops a twenty-franc piece into the painter's hand—morally, of course, for there is a custodian at the gate, and a record kept of all who enter. For the dear little children to know who subscribed to their holiday fund? For the Press, Mr. Shaw, for the Press. Superb, isn't it?

* * *

A Parisian "G. B. S."

I admire this frank way of calling attention to oneself. After all, what is a man like M. Chartran to do? He cannot write prefaces to his paintings, and tell what a wonderful draughtsman he is. Really, one *Salon* a year, where artists, like M. Chartran, can exhibit, is not sufficient to remind the world of the position a man occupies in it. Who is to know that all the prettiest women and the best-known men have been painted by Chartran in the past, and can be painted by Chartran in the present, if Chartran does not remind them that he is still the great portrait-painter, the ladies' idol, the handsome, elegant Chartran? Every year he turns his house inside out for a charity fête, erects a stage in the beautiful studio, and gets together the most renowned of Paris celebrities on and off the stage. No one could have compiled a better programme, and the garden and studio scarcely held the people — Maharajahs, duchesses, princesses, etc., all chronicled in the *Figaro*—who came to see Chartran, the great Chartran, at home. *Monsieur, je vous salue!*

Lancelot

DOES BRITANNIA RULE THE WAVES?

The Red Fleet steaming ahead in line, H.M.S. "Swiftsure" and "Albemarle" in the foreground

Most people seem to have been quite oblivious of the determined attack which has just been made on our island by the Blue Fleet, under Admiral May, while our homes have been gallantly defended by the Red Fleet, under Admiral Wilson. The great feature of this year's manœuvres has been the participation of a great many trading vessels to test the possibility of our food supply being cut off in the event of war

The Connoisseur.

OLD SPANISH DOOR-KNOCKERS

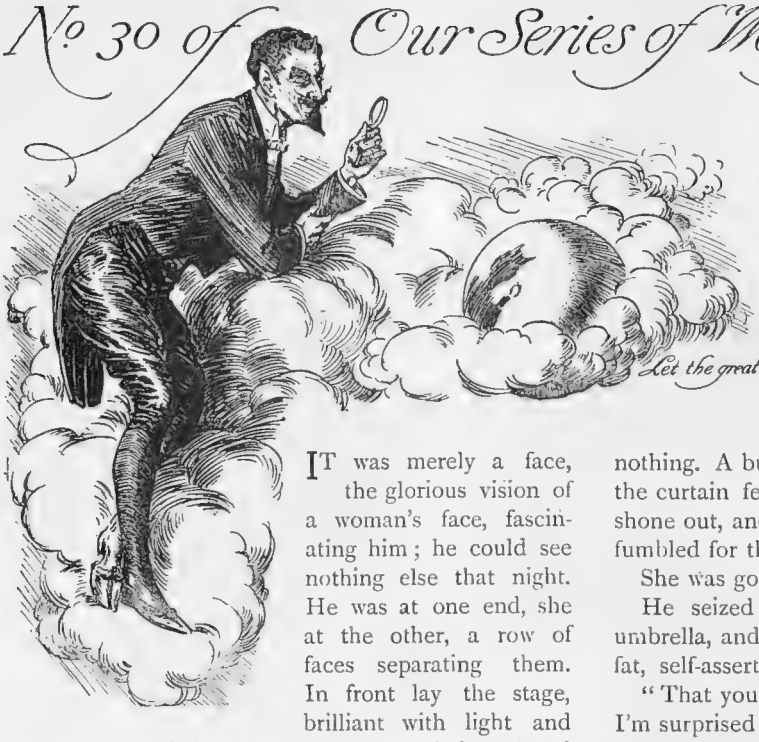
Among the many and far-reaching consequences of the recent Royal Spanish marriage is a renewal of interest in the old art work of the country once all - conquering. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all the applied arts of the country were carried out with infinite skill, and often with almost Oriental elaboration. In no department of wrought metals has more invention and freedom been shown than in the knockers for the gates and doors of the fine houses of the Grandees, or for the frequent and often beautiful convents. From these two classes of buildings has been collected, during the last thirty years, the considerable number of knockers brought together at the Spanish Gallery in Conduit Street. There are examples as early as the fourteenth century, but those of which we give photographs were wrought during the seventeenth and eighteenth, and, after about a couple of hundred years of usefulness, have found their way into the ever-busy nets of the curio-hunter. This collection may certainly be said to be the largest of the kind, and the most interesting in existence. As they are now mounted and displayed upon a wall, they present an agreeable decorative effect analagous to that of old armour, and highly suitable to be employed in connection with it in the ornamentation of some stately hall or antique gallery. To those who would preserve that which remains to us of the applied arts of the past as a whole, the fact that many far-off convent doors, or the wide gates of ancient palaces, have been dispossessed of their appropriate door-knockers may be regrettable—but to the enthusiastic collector in any particular department of his quest such considerations do not count against the pleasure of adding more examples to his own cabinet. Why should he trouble? In a world of change the particles must be for ever moving. As they used to say—

What's not destroy'd by Time's devouring Hand?
Where's Troy, and where's the May-Pole in the Strand?

E. M.

Some fine Spanish knockers of wrought metal (seventeenth and eighteenth century)

No. 30 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Useless Pursuit

By JAMES MANSFIELD

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

IT was merely a face, the glorious vision of a woman's face, fascinating him; he could see nothing else that night. He was at one end, she at the other, a row of faces separating them. In front lay the stage, brilliant with light and colour. He tried to follow what was being played before him, but turned again and again. It was not only because she was beautiful—there were pretty enough faces on the stage—but that one among the audience outshone them all, its beauty seeming of a higher order. Her expression fascinated him, for he saw in it a look of serene confidence, a happy unconcern with the imagery of life presented on the stage, and a joyous mastery of the reality that made her appear to him a transcendant being.

He tried to catch her eye, and feared to succeed, but by-and-by the fear wore out. She looked once at him, through him, and beyond him; he felt he was invisible, and gazed without restraint.

The curtain fell between the acts, and the lights were raised in the auditorium. Some seized the opportunity to openly chatter and laugh, others left their seats and sought the refreshment room, a few earnestly discussed the play. But for Robert Corving the interval meant more light to indulge his vision, a short-lived delight hastily snatched before the curtain should rise again.

She had friends with her, he noticed, an old lady with glaring pince-nez, an aunt or mother—he hoped an aunt—and a youth, a foolish, chattering youth, with eye-glass and buttonhole, who laughed and talked with the greatest unconcern. He felt unreasonably annoyed, and with the annoyance a vague astonishment.

The orchestra stopped suddenly, the lights collapsed, and the stupid play continued its clumsy course.

It was the third and last act. When it was over she would go one way and he another, and they could never meet again; her face would become a mere dream, a dream that would fade away and leave—nothing. A burst of clapping interrupted his thoughts, the curtain fell and rose again, and fell; the lights shone out, and the collected audience broke up, and fumbled for their hats and cloaks.

She was going! At least, he could follow her out.

He seized his hat, trampled on his forgotten umbrella, and pushed rudely past his neighbours. A fat, self-assertive woman turned to glare after him.

"That young man has got no manners! Henry, I'm surprised at your allowing it."

"But, Maria, my dear, he's very likely got to catch a train, and I'm sure we aren't in any special hurry."

"That's just like you to let any man trample on you and then make excuses for him. I'm sure the way he pushed past me and Bella was shameful."

She looked after Corving, glowering, but caught only a glimpse of a disappearing back.

Corving pushed on through the crowd, heedless of the waves of indignation which followed in his track, and reached the theatre-door just in time to see the figures he was pursuing disappear towards the railway station. He followed discreetly, timing his pace so as to arrive just behind them at the booking-office and catch the name of the station for which they were bound. A few minutes later he found himself on the platform with a ticket for Earls Court in one pocket and a neglected return to Baker Street in the other.

As he waited for the train, he began for the first time to reflect on what he was doing; but the reflection only led to a determination to see the adventure through—at least, to find out where she lived. At Earls Court he hurried up the stairs and arrived before any of the passengers at the station-door. Finding only three cabs waiting, he jumped into one and called to the driver through the trap to wait. An old gentleman, puffing from the exertion of hurrying, followed him, and drove off in the second cab. Another man arrived next, and, calling the only remaining cab, disappeared with it. The next moment they appeared at the station-door. The silly youth who was with them in the theatre had gone, obviously only an acquaintance, while the aunt or mother stood with her at the threshold of the door, looking out into the streets.

It had just begun to rain heavily, one of those

Another "Worldly" story next week

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July showers which appear with an unwelcome suddenness, and last just long enough to wet the unwary thoroughly.

They were obviously debating the question whether to wait for a cab, his own having been hailed and denied them. Should he give it up to them and pose as the reliever of distressed dames? No, he was not such a fool as that, and would rather they were both soaked to the skin than that he should miss them for ever. Yes, both of them; the old lady might get a bit of a cold—hot-water bottles, bed, and a doctor—he could see that. But she—she looked strong enough, and a little rain would not hurt her.

This was clearly the conclusion his divinity herself had arrived at. The elder lady was wearing a resigned expression, and gathering up her skirts preparatory to sallying out into the wet. Her niece was obviously protesting against such rashness, but quite clearly not on her own account. A minute or two passed in preparations and remonstrances, and then the two plunged out into the dripping streets.

"Follow those two, but not too close," he called to the cabman, in a low voice.

Up one street and down another crawled his cab as the two in front hurried along in the rain with cloaks drawn tightly round, the rain dripping from their umbrellas. He began to feel a little brutal, lolling comfortably under shelter while they were struggling in the pelting rain, but he hardened his heart and waited.

Two or three cabs rattled past, their speed alone showing they were already filled. By-and-by, a hansom, moving slowly, appeared at the other end of the street. He could see frantic gesticulations from the aunt, as he chose to call her, and cried to his driver to make sure of keeping the hansom in sight if they took it.

"All right, sir," he replied, "my 'orse 'll beat 'is with the two fattest freaks of Barnum's in the keb; I've been 'oldin' of 'im in all the time. We'll keep 'em in sight, sir."

The cabman was as good as his word—he followed close after the retreating hansom—and eventually Corving had the extreme satisfaction of seeing his quarry alight and disappear into No. 3, Randolf Crescent. He sat quite still in the cab, repeating the address over and over to himself with a supremely happy and rather foolish smile on his face. The cabman walked his horse past the house and down the crescent, and then called through the trap for further instructions.

"Oh, Baker Street!"

The cabman, like most of his class, was a student of human character, and now drove quite slowly. His fare was lost in contemplation, and would hardly trouble himself about such details as the last train. True enough, the last train had left when the station was reached, but the faithful cabman, who remained on the spot while Corving explored the station precincts, volunteered for a sovereign to take him out to Willesden Green. Robert Corving reached home that night late and tired, but he felt he had brought with him a new mission in life.

The next morning his new mission had shrunk considerably in importance, the plain light of day and the small worries of his professional business—he was a doctor newly launched into private practice—each assisted to throw up his last night's exploits in rather a different colour. He felt he would like to think over that night, the face in the theatre, and the two struggling forms stooping to the rain, and he following in the cab, watching them. It already had the unreal touch of a dream, and he had a partly unconscious feeling that the mist of time would heighten the romance, while to carry it further might spoil all.

He was still in this uncertain frame of mind when, a few days later, professional business called him into the neighbourhood of Earls Court, and to the very street that led from the station to Randolf Crescent. It was a worrying case of a sick child, a patient of a friend of his, for whom he was *locum tenens*. As he left the house and stood for a moment on the door-step thinking over the case upstairs, a figure, stooping to the wind and hurrying towards the station, caught his eye. It was the same! The face was hidden, but the figure and walk were unmistakable.

He hurried down the steps and started wildly in pursuit. As he turned out of the garden gate his pace broke into a run, but at that moment he fell into the arms of a postman turning in towards the house. The shock of collision seemed to jerk out his top-most thought, for he found himself asking, quite unconsciously:—

"Who lives at 3, Randolf Crescent?"

The postman, astonished at the abruptness of the inquiry, paused for a moment.

"Yes, Randolf Crescent, I was on that beat a couple of months ago, No. 3; why, yes, that's Colonel Greathead, Mrs. Greathead, and Miss Greathead."

Miss Greathead! That was her name. Miss Greathead, No. 3, Randolf Crescent.

"What was Miss Greathead's Christian name?" he turned to ask, but the postman had already gone, and his question fell on the empty air. He proceeded down the street, but found the figure he was following had vanished too.

"Never mind!" he said to himself. "Colonel Greathead's the man for me. Probably a member of the United Service Club, sure to be, in fact, and Teddy Sinclair's a member too and can introduce me. I'll see Teddy to-night."

He had quite given up all idea of leaving his night's experience as a beautiful dream. The sportsman's pleasure of the chase, mingled with his sentimental feelings, drove him along at a pace that allowed no check.

Teddy Sinclair was interviewed that afternoon, and he did know Colonel Greathead.

"Greathead! Oh, yes, that old man with a fiery temper, and a taste for blistering curries and the *Indian Times*. I know him, played bridge with him the other night and won five pounds off him over a doubled no-trumps. His partner discarded on a method of his own, and made the old gentleman furious. Oh, yes! He's a nice old man provided you haven't got too much to do with him."

This was not very encouraging, but Corving was not to be stopped now.

"Introduce me to him to-night, will you? I particularly want to know him."

"To-night? To-night I wanted you to dine with

(Continued on page 34)

THE

"Beauty of Pekin"

Photo] **Miss Denise Orme** [*Bassano*

Now appearing in *See-See* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. China (in the new Chinese play *See-See*) is making a bold bid to gain some of the popularity now enjoyed by things Japanese, but with *The Geisha* in full swing it will have all its work cut out

(Continued from page 32)

my Uncle James. He's met some old friends of your people, or rather they met him. No, I've forgotten how it went, but I know they particularly wanted to come across you, a Mrs. Marston and her niece. You must have heard of them."

"Yes, I believe I have, but really they don't interest me. Tell your uncle I'm sorry I'm engaged, and take me to meet the Colonel instead."

"All right, if you insist. You had better dine with us at the club. I'll tell the Colonel there's a great admirer of his wants to know him."

"Look here, no rot! If you hash this business for me I'll never forgive you."

"No, no, I'm serious. Read him up in the 'Army List.' He's in 'Who's Who' I think, too; stamped out a rebellion in Upper Burmah, strung 'em all up before you could say 'knife.' They say if a Radical Government had been in he would have been dismissed the Service. But I say, what do you want to know him for? He's either as snappy as a dry stick, or else an infernal bore, and I don't know when I like him least."

"I'll tell you afterwards, but I honestly do want to know him and make myself agreeable to him too, so put me up to a few wrinkles to get round the old boy, there's a good chap."

"Just read his war services. Start the conversation on one of his campaigns and he'll be as pleased as Punch, there'll be no stopping him."

That evening Corving, Sinclair, and the Colonel dined together at one of the small club tables. The dinner was good, Sinclair behaved himself very decently, and Corving, properly coached, brought the conversation again and again to the subject of the Indian campaigns. Very little encouragement was needed, as Sinclair, who was getting very bored, had foretold. The old warrior was in excellent spirits, and, delighted to find such a good listener, kept telling one long story after another, enormously to his own gratification. His opinion of Corving's intelligence and breeding rose by leaps and bounds.

"Would you believe it, sir," said he, "I've told that story in this very club half a dozen times, and the young Jackanapes who crowd the place won't listen to it, won't hear me! I told it to the Viceroy once and he roared, sir, simply roared! I don't know what young fellows, nowadays, are coming to—no sense of humour, none at all." His vigorous declamation growled off into a muttering bass, and Corving seized what appeared to be a favourable opportunity.

"Don't you think, sir, the bringing-up is very different?"

"Think! think! I know it. When I was a boy, my father would have whipped me for saying half the things boys say nowadays, and get petted as smart fellows. Impudence is what he'd call it, and impudence it is too. Why, when——"

But it was not boys Corving had come to discuss, and he ventured to interrupt the fiery old man with another leading question.

"Yes, that's just what my father used to say, but he always maintained that girls were the most troublesome, and the modern girl the most difficult being in the world to keep in check. Did you find that, sir?"

"I, sir, I? What do you mean, sir? I? Girls? What's that to you, sir?"

Corving felt he had somehow or other put his foot into it badly. He could make nothing of the mysterious nods and winks Sinclair treated him to, and, struggling to get free, took another step.

"I thought you had a daughter of your own, sir."

"Sir!!!" said the Colonel, starting up in a paroxysm of rage. "Sinclair, why have you brought this man deliberately to insult me, sir?" To Corving, "You're a guest of the club, otherwise I'd horsewhip you. If ever I meet you again, I will."

The Colonel, roaring with rage, stamped out of the room. When his back was turned, Sinclair collapsed into a heap, and shook with suppressed laughter, and Corving, who had been too astonished for a moment to speak, turned angrily on him.

"What the blazes are you laughing at? Can't you see it's all up with me and this volcano of a Colonel of yours! Haven't you any decent feeling for me?"

"B-b-b-ut," stammered Sinclair, vainly trying to answer soberly, "but, my dear fellow, didn't you know?"

"Know! Know what? I know that I've sent off that old termagant in a devil of a rage; but what put his back up I haven't the faintest idea; perhaps, if you've quite done laughing, you'll be good enough to tell me."

"My dear fellow, his daughter, Peggy Greathead, has just run off with her chauffeur; it's the talk of the club."

"Her chauffeur!" Corving was dumbfounded, the blow staggered him and left him staring speechless at his friend. His anger evaporated in a moment.

Sinclair, seeing his face, stopped laughing, and, guessing at what lay behind, said in evident sympathy:

"Do you know her, old chap?"

"What's that to you?" said Corving, rudely. He felt he could not explain the extraordinary fascination Peggy Greathead had put over him in one night, and now she had gone off with her chauffeur! Sympathy or chaff at that moment were equally distasteful.

But Sinclair was too good a friend to take offence.

"It's nothing to me, of course, except that I'm so sorry to see you cut up about it; of course, if I had had any idea, I—I——"

"Say no more about it, she's nothing to me. Here, waiter! Two brandies and soda."

"Well!" said Sinclair, when the waiter had set down the drinks, "I'm not going to ask you why you wanted to know this fire-eating Colonel, but as far as any practical results have been reached we might as well have dined peaceably with Uncle James and his new discoveries. Mrs. Marston has been in bed all this last week with a cold, and now they've had to fag all the way up from Earls Court to no purpose."

"Earls Court?"

"Yes, Randolf Crescent, Earls Court, the very house, by the way, old Greathead cleared out of when his daughter bolted. Curious coincidence, isn't it?"

But Corving, instead of replying, was staring at his friend open-mouthed. In another moment he leapt up and seized him by the hand, which he shook with the utmost violence, while he cried wildly for a cab.

Half an hour later he was face to face with his divinity.

JAMES MANSFIELD.

Photo *I. Bacon and Sons*

Miss Lilian Hubbard

A young actress who recently appeared in *The Other Man's Business*, at Fulham. She is a talented singer, and has been seen in many well-known musical comedies, including *The Geisha*, *The Earl and the Girl*, and *The Greek Slave*

The "Fourth of July" and Modern America

SOME RECENT EVENTS AND THEIR ATTENDANT MORAL

Skeletons at the Feast

This year's "Fourth of July" dawns on a somewhat distracted America. Though the 130th anniversary of the Republic's attainment of freedom will be celebrated in the usual Yahoo fashion by the youth of all ages in the States, and on this side with the usual modicum of gush, the feast will be attended by a number of clanking and grinning skeletons.

The year, in fact, has been rather an unfortunate one for our cousins (far removed). Nature's gigantic protest against American methods, as exemplified in the 'Frisco earthquake, was only the first of a series of protests, and was followed with somewhat painful rapidity by the "Jungle" upheaval, which has converted Chicago into the saddest city in the States.

It was the hurling overboard of chests of British tea which was the beginning of the War of Independence, and it looks as though, 130 years later, the hurling to perdition of chests of Chicago canned meat is to be the beginning of the world's war of Independence against America—the revolt of the Universe against the methods which have made that nation the richest, but, morally, the poorest.

A Literary Bullet

Mr. Upton Sinclair's deadly literary bullet has struck down the Beef Trust, and has penetrated the Armour of Porkopolis with the same deadly surety as did Mr. Harry Thaw's bullet strike down Mr. Stanford White in the Garden Theatre the other day (which is, of course, another story). The rejected can of impure meat is merely the symbol of the wholesale rejection of American wares and American ideas, for it must be remembered that "The Jungle" not only attacked the methods of the packers in their preparation of human food, but also exposed the appalling moral effect of work in the stockyards on the thousands of men and women employed there.

Failures to Americanise England

America has, during the last few years, made attempt after attempt to take the old country under her wing, but her failure has been uniform. The Tobacco Trust, which was to force us to smoke only American weeds, ignobly collapsed; the shipping combine which sought to Americanise our Transatlantic transit trade fell clattering to the ground. In a lesser degree, too, failed also an American attempt to introduce the "Quick lunch"—and with it the American digestion — as a result of which we now eat more slowly than ever. American attempts to "hustle" our newspapers into Transatlantic methods of news-getting have now been abandoned, even by those who used to favour them most, and our Press (even our halfpenny Press) is reverting to the stolidity of the middle of the last century. As to the American "language," it has made no headway whatever, and the well of English remains delightfully undefiled.

As to American incursions into British sport, the action of Mr. Fletcher, in proposing to the Henley Committee that American entries be henceforth and for ever refused, is sufficiently eloquent, as to British feeling towards the ideas of "sport" which were

The World's Subtlest Poison Shop: The Stockyards of Chicago

Which has been sending forth potted garbage and tinned offal to feed the world, and to make millions for the potters; and in which, incidentally, thousands of workmen and workwomen lead lives which resemble those predicted for the wicked after death. The yards cover 500 acres of ground, and can accommodate 461,000 animals at a time. They are the joint property of the six firms who constitute the Beef Trust

evidenced by the action of the Vesper Boat Club in their false certificates as to the amateur status of their crews; which is but the last of a long list of similarly "hanky-panky" performances.

American plays have met with a long and monotonous series of failures. We are, further, watching with much interest the promised opening of an American emporium in Oxford Street, which is expected to out-Harrod Harrod.

The Thaw-White Tragedy

The Thaw episode is not necessarily an instance of general American depravity. But the fact that the parties to the tragedy belong to the *genus* millionaire, serves but to arouse yet further the public prejudice against that fraternity.

The Thaws, furthermore, belong to that legion of millionaire families who have contracted alliances with British noblemen. Miss Alice Thaw is now the Countess of Yarmouth, and will, in the fulness of time, be the Marchioness of Hertford, and the Thaw-White episode will, assuredly, take its place among those influences which are gradually, but surely, bringing American plutocracy into ill-repute, and which will, it is to be hoped, lead to a stoppage of the too constant intermarriage between its heiresses and British aristocrats, with heaven knows what baneful consequences to the breed of generations to come. For, whatever the charms of the American female intellect and the American female figure (physically and financially speaking), their reputation in the humdrum domestic sphere has not hitherto been of the rosiest.

No, it is not a happy "Fourth" for the Americans, and not the least humiliating circumstance is the fact that the record of the European progress of Mr. and Mrs Longworth has sunk to two and three-lined notices at the foot of obscure columns in the papers.

A Foe to American "Sportsmen": Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher

The Oxford coach, who has proposed the exclusion of American crews from future Henley Regattas, as the result of the false certificates as to the amateur status of the Vesper crews

THE THAW-WHITE TRAGEDY

The Earl and Countess of Yarmouth (née Alice Thaw)

The Countess is the sister of Mr. Harry K. Thaw, who shot Mr. Stanford White in the Madison Square Garden Theatre last week. She married Lord Yarmouth two years ago

Mrs. Harry K. Thaw (née Evelyn Nesbit)

The young and beautiful wife of Mr. Harry K. Thaw, originally an artist's model, whose persecution by the late Mr. Stanford White provoked Mr. Thaw to fire his fatal shots

"Bystander Abroad" Competition (Fifth Series)

This is a competition for the benefit of Foreign and Colonial readers, and in order that any who have not yet entered may have a chance of doing so, we again give the conditions. Each photograph should be of a reader in some out-of-the-way part of the world, and on the back should be stated the sender's name and address, together with full particulars as to where the photograph was taken, and any other matter of interest concerning it. A prize of **10s. 6d.** *is given for every photograph published. They should be enclosed in an envelope marked "Bystander Abroad," and addressed to "The Art Editor," The Bystander, Tallis Street, London, E.C.*

"The Bystander" in Mesopotamia

Count Albert G. Asfar, Bassora, Persian Gulf, the sender of this photograph, says: "This was taken at the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris in Mesopotamia. The paper is in the possession of a Turk (who indu'ges in the English language) embarked upon a native craft"

"The Bystander" in the Transvaal

Mr. L. B. Courn, P.O. Box 27, Germiston, Transvaal, writes: "I am sending you a photo of The Bystander being read by a native 'boy' in hospital at Germiston, Transvaal, where the patients look forward every week to its arrival'

"The Bystander" in the backwoods

Mr. R. G. Banks, c/o Veith and Borland, Keithley Creek, British Columbia, writes: "I am sending you a photo of myself reading The Bystander in the woods of Cariboo, during a bear hunt this Spring. It is taken in camp near the Cariboo Lake. The Bystander has to be brought by stage one hundred and eighty miles, on horseback seventeen miles, and I have to fetch it eight and a half miles by boat down the lake. Notice how I have decorated my 'natural' parlour with your supplement, 'Easy Lass, Easy,' which can be seen on the tree trunk"

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

FICTION

"The Saint." By Antonio Fogazzaro. (Hodder: 6*s.*)
"The Queen's Tragedy." By Robert Hugh Benson. (Pitman: 6*s.*)
"Audrey, the Actress." By Horace Wyndham. (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"The House of Souls." By Arthur Machen. (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Chats on Old China." By Arthur Hayden. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net.)

The Fierce Light that Beats About—"The Throne"

It is not, I know, usual to review a new periodical—review it, I mean, in that stern "it's-my-duty-to-say-so-and-say-so-I-will" sort of style in which one reviews the new novel. Though both are, in a way, new contributions to literature—and are really in exactly the same boat so far as the critic is concerned—it is always remembered that the former is the work of the journalist and not the author, and no journalist throws stones at a journalist, because, like the man at the piano, "he's doing his best." Besides, there is the proverb about stones and glass houses, which is dear unto the Fleet Street heart. Thus, though we have lately been inundated with new papers, and have ventured (verbally) the usual charitable comment about each, no word of our real opinion as to their relative merits has crept into print. A paper, however, has recently swooped down on us whose proprietors cannot assert the smallest claim to exemption from criticism.

Photo *Underwood and Underwood*

Signor Antonio Fogazzaro

The famous Italian novelist, whose book "The Saint" (Hodder: 6*s.*), is now translated into English

A Non-Journalistic Journal

The Throne is avowedly a journal which is *not* the product (so far as its literary matter is concerned) of journalists. On the contrary, it frankly says unto Fleet Street, "Go to! carrion." It is the work, not of the despised ink-slinger of Grub Street, but of the Mayfair *dilettante*. It bids us bow the head unto a list of Editors a foot long, who might, for the blueness of their blood and the extreme carefulness of their titles, be the patrons of a smart dog-show, and as for the mere contributors, dukes are, as Mr. Gilbert hath it, "two a penny" (they are mostly "duchesses," but no matter). The pages in *The Throne*, which contain the portraits of the "Editors," would do credit to our esteemed morning contemporary Odol. Of course, it is nobody's business to denounce *The Throne* because it chooses to select its contributors on account of their titles, regardless (as the first issue clearly enough shows) of their talents. I, for one, rejoice to find the journalistic profession so highly esteemed in "Society" that so many titled people should honour it by attempting to enter it. But, on looking over *The Throne's* contents, I am conscious of lost opportunities. The contributors, alas, have not contributed articles on the subjects upon which one would most like to have their opinions. They are altogether too instructive, too conscientious.

What One Expects from "Society"

In an age when "Society" is bringing down on itself the thunders of pulpit denunciation; when its sins are more than ever as scarlet; when it is alleged to be iniquitous on a scale of magnitude never before attempted, surely writers who are in Society ought not to have found themselves compelled to write on such homely and even dull topics as bookplates, rhinoceros hunting in East Africa, treasure houses, child-life, Party politics, *esquisses du grand monde*, historic manuscripts, jewels and gems, etc., etc. Why drag in duchesses to do the drab work of the British Museum hack—to write on subjects which would have been voted tedious by a mid-century *Quarterly Review* editor? With such magnificent opportunities, surely the Editors of *The Throne* might have done better! Why, there's not a line of scandal from beginning to end of it. Mayfair, as mirrored in these elaborate pages, is positively dreary. Really, unless the Editors move themselves in their next numbers (not on sale, but obtainable by subscription only), Brixton and Upper Tooting, which are *The Throne's* finest medium of potential circulation, as those most interested in the doings of "high Society," will be so bored that they will not even be wishful to borrow a copy, far less to incur the expense of a subscription. And I should be sorry to see so fine a paper compelled to reduce its size, price, and quality, and to give away each week a paper pattern, out of a failure to appreciate, in advance, the real secret of success in the journalism of snobbery.

Transcendentalism in the Suburbs

My reference, a week or two back, to the new form of humour exploited by Mr. Montagu Wood in "A Tangled I," a humour which amusingly combined epigram and satire with literary power and imagination, has moved Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher of the book, to draw my attention to another work of the same *genre*, entitled *The House of Souls*, by Mr. Arthur Machen. Certainly this book, which contains about six complete novels, is a notable production. If it lacks the sparkle of Mr. Wood's book, it is, nevertheless, the fruit of a curious talent which seems to be of so very striking a resemblance to that work that I am moved to a suspicion that it is the handiwork of the same brain. *The House of Souls*' stories are conceived largely with the desire to mix up the humdrum in life with the transcendental—to indicate the "appeal of Theosophy to atheists, men about town, journalists, and hard-headed men of affairs." The touch of humour is to be observed in the descriptions in the various stories—particularly "A Fragment of Life"—of prosaic suburban ways and manners, which reveal a very intimate knowledge of the lower middle classes; and as to the Theosophical aspect of the stories, undoubtedly it is interesting to find this theme exploited in fiction, especially by so brilliant a descriptive and imaginative a writer as Mr. Machen. I may add here, that Mr. Montagu Wood's humour was recognised in "Pop." at Eton, and afterwards at the Canning Club at Oxford, and that his skit, published some years ago, "An Island Story," was highly successful in those sets wherein it gained a reading. I am more than confident that his is a literary talent which will, sooner or later, reach a wide and a startled public.

Mr. Montagu Wood

The author of the amusing book, "A Tangled I" (E. Grant Richards). Mr. Wood is well known in Society, and his humorous gift was recognised in "Pop." at Eton and at Oxford long before he blossomed out as a writer

* * *

A Stage Story

Quite a good stage story is *Audrey, the Actress*, (Grant Richards), by Horace Wyndham, the story of the girl of "respectable" parentage who enters, with the usual difficulty, the overcrowded profession, and who, to win success in it, encounters the usual importunities of those who have the power to confer place and preferment. The heroine, Audrey Standish, is quite a fresh, strong type of girl, with none of the "I'm a lady, I am" sort of nonsense about her. She is able to preserve her dignity, and to mix freely with the other sex without any special qualms as to her risk in so doing. The other characters to the story—actors, managers, journalists, etc.—are sketched with refreshing realism and humour, and altogether the book is one free from any cant, which deals with the somewhat uninspiring theme of theatrical life and manners about as cleverly and brightly as it well could be.

* * *

A Novel from Italy

That a novel has had a wide sale abroad, and has been translated broadcast, by no means signifies that it will cause a sensation in this tight and jealous little island, which rather distrusts the outside reputation (provided always it be not French). Therefore, Signor Fogazzaro's novel, *The Saint* (Hodder: 6*s.*), will be read with due critical calm. Most certainly, it is a notable effort. The hero, Benedetto, is a monk, who dares to hold and to express views which are denunciatory of the Church of Rome, which he contends is possessed by the evil spirits of falsehood, priestly domination, avarice, and unmovable rigidity. The book is largely a study of a man in his spiritual aspirations, but—and here the genius of the author comes in—it also touches on those temptations of the flesh to which the Roman cleric is, throughout life, subject. Benedetto is wildly beloved by a woman, to resist whose attentions his sanctity is strained to the uttermost; but, in the end, instead of being won over to passion, he succeeds in converting her amorous ardour for him into a reverent spiritual adoration—a psychological transition that calls for literary treatment of the highest kind. This we find in Signor Fogazzaro, who, for once, is able to exploit the theme of Church controversy, and the human side of the monastic life, without any fanaticism, and, above all, without any sensational handling of a theme which has too often been put to base uses by unscrupulous fictionists (among whom our own Mr. Hall Caine must be included).

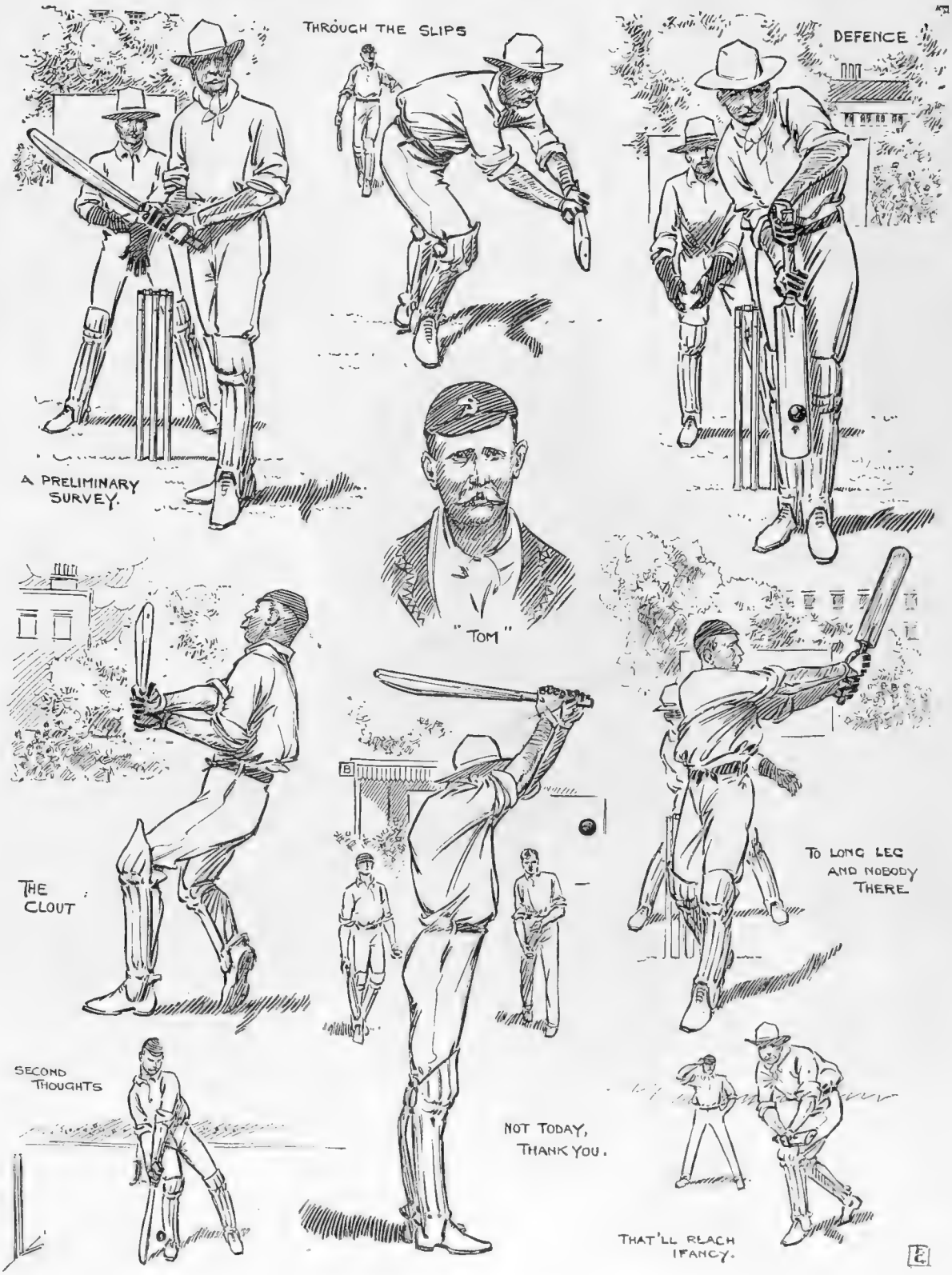
* * *

Another Roman Catholic Novel

The lights and shadows of Queen Mary's reign come into view in Father Benson's new historical romance, *The Queen's Tragedy* (Pitman: 6*s.*). The feature of the book is its impressive picture of Mary Tudor herself, who, in the later aspects of her reign, was a veritable queen of desolation. The book gives an intimate account of the vicissitudes, both personal and political, of her reign, and throws into relief the sombre conspiracy of circumstances which justifies its title. Cardinal Pole, in the years when he was Papal Legate at the Court of Queen Mary and her leading adviser in ecclesiastical affairs, comes prominently into the story. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, is another important personage in the narrative, as also are Archbishop Cranmer and Bishops Latimer and Ridley

VIVIAN CARTER.

Cricket's Man of the Moment



Some impressions of Tom Hayward at the wicket in various humours

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. James Robb, Prestwick St. Nicholas Golf Club

Mr. James Robb, who has just achieved the dearest ambition of every amateur golfer by winning the Amateur Championship, is a pure product of St. Andrews. On the famous old course of the "auld grey toun" he imbibed in the first principles of the game, and learned that style which is so typical of St. Andrews. In that style there is a great deal of supple wrist work in the address, a quick round swing, and a fine finish. But it is more particularly in the short game, whether in approaching or putting, that Mr. Robb's beautiful wrist work is best seen. When he is "on the putt" no one can hope to hold Mr. Robb. He hits the ball absolutely truly, and it runs to the hole in that smooth manner which terrifies the opponent and delights the striker, for each knows that the ball is going to have a good chance of going into the hole.

Photo *Bara*

Mr. J. Robb, the Amateur Champion

Aspects of His Play

There is no timid, half-hearted hitting about Mr. Robb's putting It undoubtedly won him the Championship this year, for his two famous putts at the eleventh and fourteenth holes in his match with Mr. Graham, in the one case giving him a two and in the other securing an apparently hopeless half, went very far in bringing about the Hoylake favourite's defeat. Mr. Robb is almost as dangerous with his approaching, for I saw him four years ago hole a wrist shot from the rough at that same eleventh hole in his match with Mr. Hutchings. Mr. Robb is one of those natural players of whom one says, the moment he takes club in hand, "This man is a good player." He has not got quite the length of some players with his wooden clubs, but any small deficiency in this respect is more than redressed by the deadly sureness of his short game.

His Golfing Career

He is only twenty-eight, but has already a long and most honourable record to his credit. He has been twice runner-up in the Amateur Championship, and four times in the semi-final, and represented Scotland in the International Match in 1902, 1903, and this year. He must now be reckoned a West Coast player, and on the courses which cluster round Prestwick he has won many a medal and made many a fine record. But if you ask him where he would prefer to play, the answer would be, "The old course at St. Andrews," for, like all those who began the game there, Mr. Robb gives the first place in his affections to the green which made him the fine and fully armed player that he is.

*** "Golf Guide, and How to Play Golf," by James Braid**

Messrs. Spalding, the great athletic outfitting firm, deserve the thanks of all golfers for having pressed James Braid into the ranks of contributors to their series of athletic handbooks. I have read a vast heap of books, treatises, and guides, dealing with golf from every possible standpoint, but I have not yet come across one that can be compared with Braid's booklet for clearness, simplicity, and soundness. Braid, unlike most great players and writers, recognises that there are more ways than one of playing the game well, and while he naturally gives prominence to those methods adopted by him, which have led to such admirable results, he makes due allowance for physical variations, and never rams his own theory down the learner's throat to the exclusion of all others. As an instance, I will take his exposition of the over-lapping grip. He gives a most careful and lucid description of his own grip, but warns beginners against adopting it unless they have very strong and extra long fingers. Without these, he advises learners to stick to the old-fashioned system of gripping. The book is admirably written throughout, is full of wise counsels, and can be most warmly recommended as the best possible guide for the erring steps of a beginner.

Ernest Lehmann

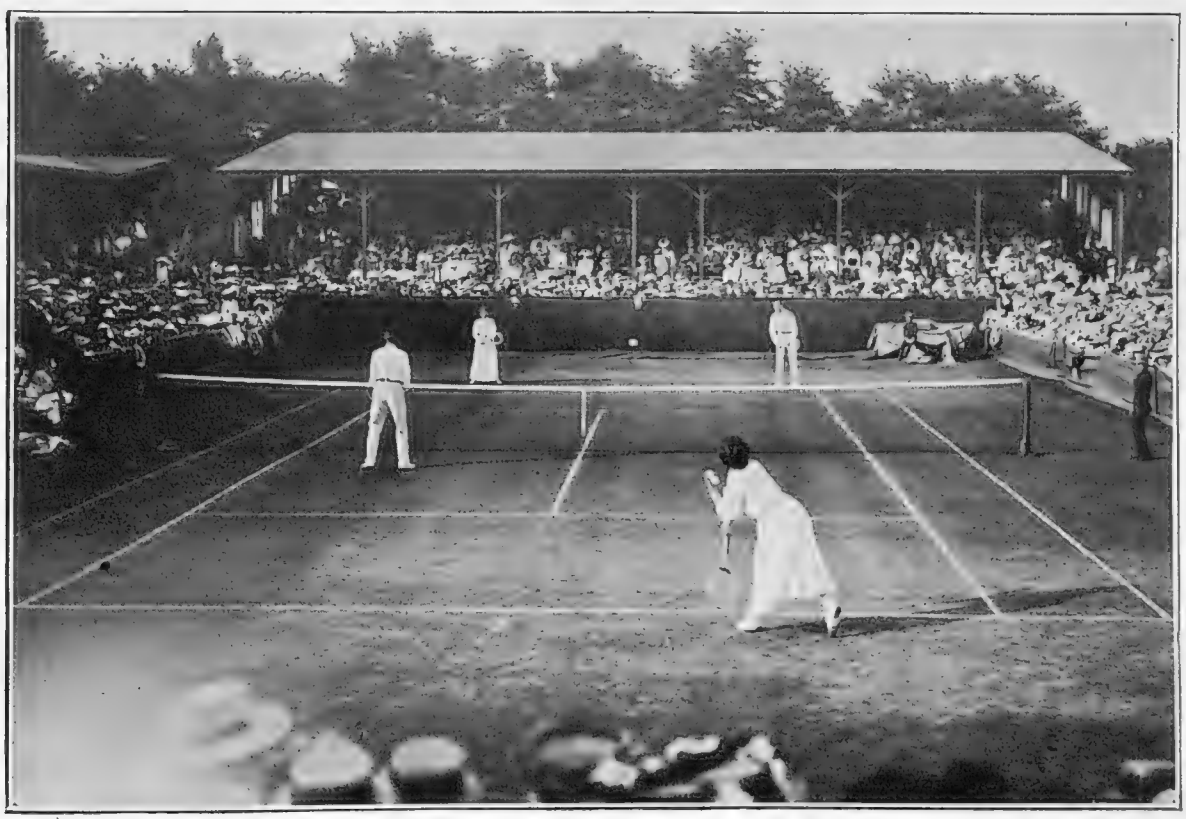
* Spalding's Athletic Library, Vol. 1, No. 10. Price 6*d.* net.

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

The Big Tennis Event

The draw for the Men's Singles in the Tennis Championship at Wimbledon was such a good one that it might almost have been "cooked," though in that event Smith and Riseley would probably have found themselves in opposite halves. As it was, they met in the semi-final. Prior to this, Riseley's most dangerous opponent was the American, Little, but the comparative ease with which the Englishman won showed that there was something wrong with the form in the International match when Little came so near to beating H. L. Doherty. The truth is that Little, well though he played, was helped by the fact that "H. L." was a little over-confident, and perhaps also a little careless, of the result, since nothing at all depended upon it. Riseley, on the other hand, was keenness personified, and he was taking no risks. A fine match, which a good many people missed, was Smith *v.* Cazalet, for Cazalet, with little prospect of being able to defeat his doughty opponent, went for him, as it were, with the energy of despair, and managed to bag a set and get to games-all in another before retiring. Wilding and Gore were the two "tipped" to come through in the upper half, and Gore did it quite comfortably, but Wilding nearly went down to his old opponent, Ritchie, after getting the first two sets easily. Wilding has already played in sixteen tournaments this year, and there was just a suggestion of staleness about his play, but it was a grand game, well worth seeing, and it has put an end to the notion that Ritchie is "going off." When the two semi-finals came to be played on Saturday, the court was soft after the deluge of Thursday night and Friday morning, and the people adversely affected thereby were Wilding and Smith, for both like a high-bounding ball. The same is true, to a limited extent, of Gore, but he adapted himself to the conditions surprisingly well, and really beat Wilding quite comfortably. Wilding was only good by fits and starts, and the fact that he is a bit over-played was increasingly apparent. But Smith *v.* Riseley was a grand match. Smith, though he seldom managed to get in his biggest drive, was placing beautifully, and the way in which he picked up games from a losing position caused the onlookers once or twice literally to roar with enthusiasm, while better backhand play, or service, than Riseley's has seldom been seen.

(Article on Wimbledon Tennis Tournament continued on page 46)



The Mixed Doubles at Wimbledon

G. W. Hillyard and Miss Sutton beat T. D. Stoward and Miss Pinckney on Saturday. Miss Sutton is serving to Miss Pinckney

Chances for the 'Varsity Match

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lawn-Tennis Championships at Wimbledon

Smith and Riseley at the net in their match against Gore and Hillyard, who were completely outplayed. The question of interest to tennis players is, "Will Smith and Riseley beat the Dohertys, as they did a year or two ago, for the Doubles Championship?"

Oxford or Cambridge?

On the eve of the 'Varsity Cricket Match, the cynical prophet is wont to declare that the match is a certainty for the side which, on paper form, ought not to win; and, because cricket is cricket, this kind of wisdom (in defiance of Wisden) is, as often as not, justified of her children. On this season's results, paper form points to a win for Cambridge, and accordingly the cynical prophet shrugs his shoulders and says "Oxford," in the face of the fact that the Cambridge eleven is, potentially at any rate, one of the finest that either 'Varsity has turned out for several years. But Cambridge have shown that, on occasion, they can do inexplicably badly without any apparent reason, while Oxford, with a little luck, are capable of doing far more than is expected of them. Nor must it be forgotten that E. G. Martin's bowling, which was not available until the M.C.C. match last week, may make a great difference. On the whole, therefore, we may look forward to a very entertaining time at Lord's between the team that ought to win and the team that may win, and the most that can be said is, that if odds on Cambridge can be obtained they should be taken. A good deal will depend upon whether May's bowling in the first few overs proves (or seems) difficult or the reverse.

County Cricket Scoring

The present system of scoring for the County Cricket Championship is such an absurd one that it is a wonder that it has been tolerated for so long. The chief objection to it lies in its treatment of drawn games for a team which, in a series of twelve matches, wins only one and draws the remaining eleven is just as well off as one which wins the whole twelve, while, conversely, a team which loses the whole twelve is no worse off than one which only loses one and draws the remaining eleven. For this reason, the alteration in the method of scoring suggested by a correspondent in a recent issue of the *Field*, though not altogether new, is worth attention. His plan, which is substantially the same as is adopted in the case of other games, is that every win should count as two points, and every loss as minus two points, and that, in the case of a draw, one point should be scored by each side. The suggested plan may certainly be recommended as an improvement upon that at present in vogue.

The Croquet Championships

The entry for the Croquet Championships at Roehampton last week was quite a huge one, and the officials had an exceedingly busy time. The principal features of the earlier stages of the Open Championship were the good form shown by C. Corbally, and the defeat, by O. R. Richmond, in the fourth round, of the holder, Mrs. R. C. J. Beaton, better known to fame as Miss L. Gower. When she married Mr. Beaton, she married her most dangerous rival in the croquet world, and an opponent with whom she had contested many a hard-fought game. It would have been interesting if the pair had again met in the first year of their married life, but Fate, and the good play of Mr. Richmond, ruled otherwise. In the penultimate

---

Aldershot Military Fête: Programme

By kind permission of Lieut.-General Sir John French, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., K.C.M.G., the Aldershot Military Fête will be held, in aid of the funds of various local military institutions, in the grounds of Government House on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 10 and 11. The programme will include a Great Military Concert by the Massed Bands and Drums of the Aldershot Army Corps (numbering in all 1,300 performers), a Grand Historical Naval and Military Pageant, two Naval Displays by Seamen from H.M.S. *Victory*, and a Grand Military Torchlight Tattoo, in which upwards of 1,200 troops will take part.

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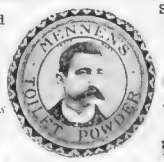

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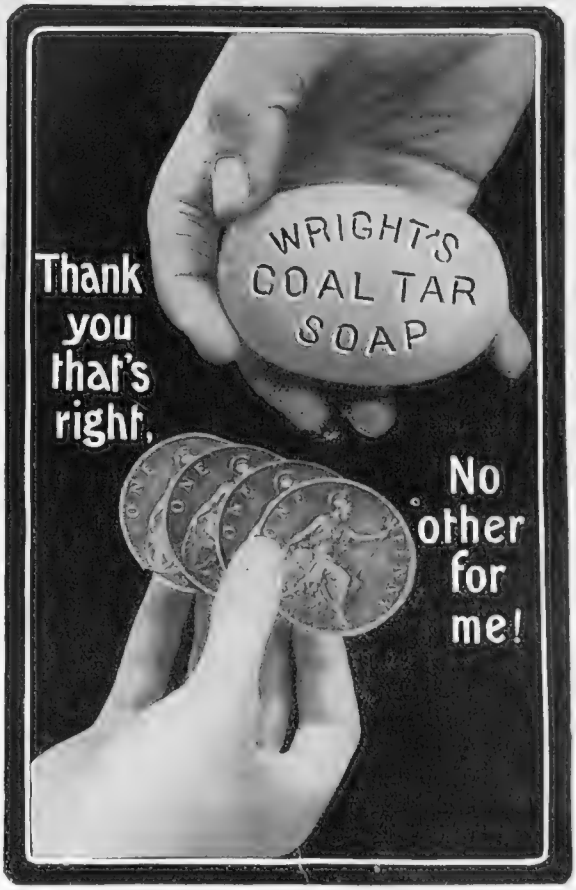


The Lawn-Tennis Championships

round Corbally again proved irresistible, and ousted Beaton by 28 twice, while Mrs. Beaton's conqueror, Richmond, succumbed to that much-improved player, C. L. O'Callaghan. The final round was looked upon almost as a foregone conclusion for Corbally, in view of his irresistible play up to that point, and, therefore, excitement ran high when O'Callaghan took the first game by 28. The second, however, went exactly the other way—to Corbally by 28—while in the third Corbally "did it again," and thereby won the Championship of 1906 in brilliant fashion.

Lawn-Tennis Tournament
(*continued from p. 43*)

The draw for the Ladies' Singles brought Miss Douglass and Miss Thomson together at the start, which was unfortunate, but as it turned out a good one. Miss Thomson was so uncertain that the match was not Miss Douglass had only to play steadily and do a bit of placing to win—which she did quite easily. After this, things went in accordance with anticipation up to the semi-finals, except that Mrs. Hillyard succumbed unexpectedly to Miss Tulloch, after having beaten Miss Sutton in a practice game only the day before. Miss Tulloch has always been famed for meteoric performances, and this victory, well-deserved though it was, must be reckoned among them. Mrs. Sterry and Miss Lowther—in the lower half—both played well. In the Doubles great things were expected of Hillyard and Gore after the fine show made by Gore and Wilding at Leicester, but the old adage that it is inadvisable to swap horses while you are crossing a stream seems to apply here. It was a new combination, and it certainly did not "go," though, perhaps, it might have, if Hillyard had not been hopelessly off his game. Anyhow, Smith and Riseley, going great guns, beat them in three straight sets. Cazalet, Hillyard's rejected partner, played well with Simond, and the pair, on their way to the semi-final, disposed of Eaves and Ball-Greene. Pollard and Beamish put up quite a good fight against the Americans, and so did Thomas and Stoward against Ritchie and Wilding, who were inclined to take matters easily at first, but, after losing the first set, played up in a manner which showed that they realised the gravity of the situation. The final and Championship rounds of the Men's Singles, and the Ladies' Singles and the Men's Doubles, from the semi-final rounds onwards, will be dealt with next week.

Photo *Baker and Muggeridge*

The Croquet Championship

C. Corbally (Open Champion), Miss Coote, his partner in the Mixed Championship, Mrs. R. C. J. Beaton, defeated in the Open Championship by O. R. Richmond, and R. C. J. Beaton, whom Corbally beat in the semi-final

Then and Now

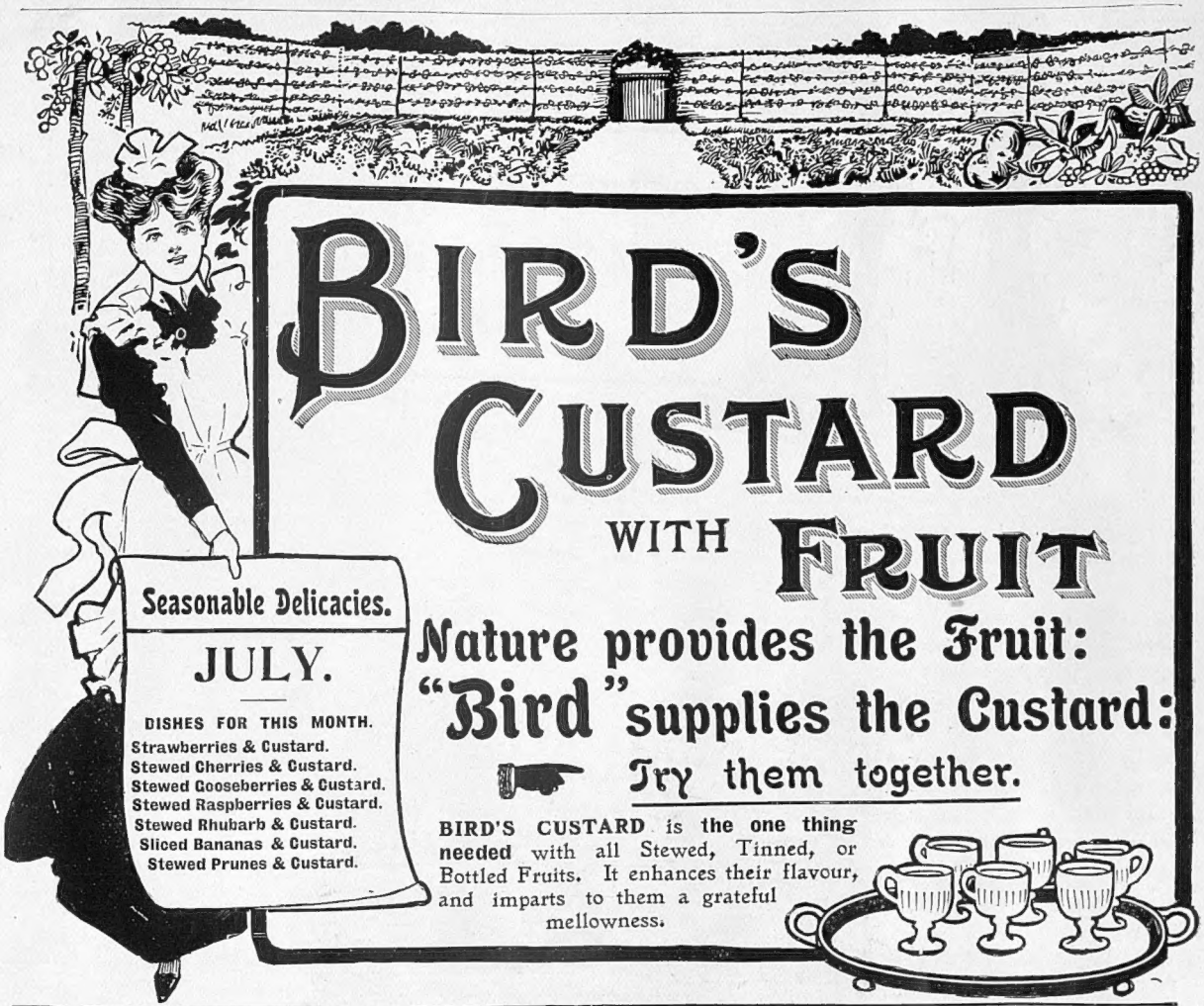
Some ten years ago, when the stands round the centre court at the All-England Lawn-Tennis Ground were in need of repair, a meeting of the committee was held to decide whether, instead of patching them up, it would not be better to pull them down. For only a few enthusiasts came to look on at the tennis in those days, and the total number of reserved seats taken before the Championship meeting, in that particular year, was *three*. However, the stands survived, and when they were ultimately demolished last autumn it was with the very different object of erecting far larger ones; and yet, although the accommodation round the centre court has thereby been considerably increased, all the reserved seats for the meeting were sold out some five or six weeks back, and on Saturday, while Smith and Riseley were playing, not only were all the seats, reserved or otherwise, taken, but there was not even standing room. The All-England Club has marched with the times, and the experiences of the past ten days have shown that a halt need not yet be called.

The Maidstone Tournament

I should like to remind tennis players that the Maidstone Tournament opens to-day, July 4, for local events, and on Thursday, July 5, for the open matches. It will continue till the end of the week. A great number of competitors who have been playing at Wimbledon will, it is expected, take part, and it is prophesied that some excellent play will be witnessed. A BYSTANDER racket is also being presented at the tournament for umpiring, in common with practically every other tournament of importance in the kingdom.

"Driva" Rackets

The vogue of lawn-tennis rackets is almost as fanciful as that of golf clubs. We have lately been playing with Messrs. Williams's (of 1, Rue Caumartin, Paris) "Driva" rackets. These rackets have long and narrow heads, are very tightly strung, and most excellently balanced. The wood being thoroughly seasoned, they last a good time, and can be recommended to our readers. The price is *27s. 6d.*, and they can be obtained in London from Messrs. Benetfink, of Cheapside.



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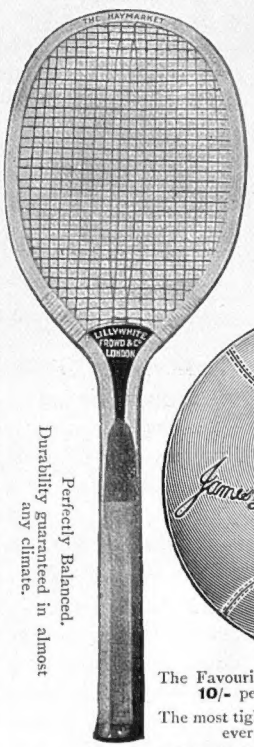

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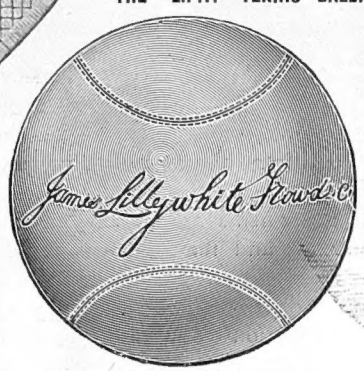

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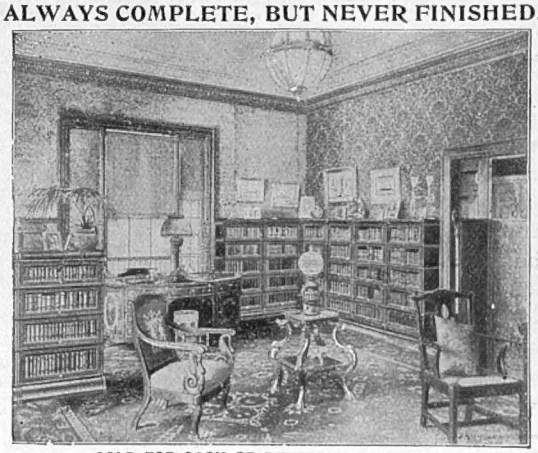

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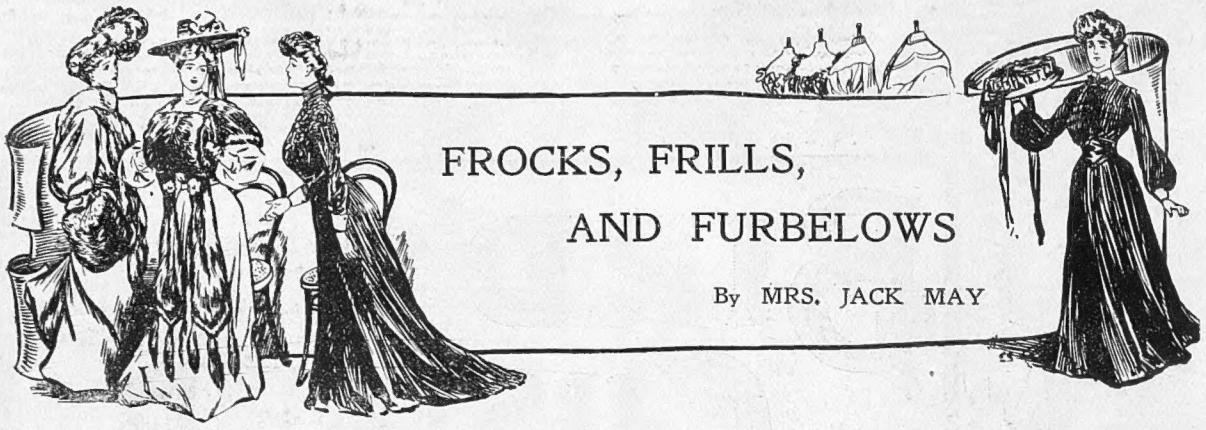

FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Seductions of Sales

It is all very well for some women to be superior, and pretend they are above the seductions offered by the sales—I have myself assumed the attitude, so ought to know—but behind the sternest demeanour there lurks a lingering love of bargains. While admitting the necessity of not taking quite *au pied de la lettre* the descriptions of the enticingly drawn-up catalogues, still, more good than harm is done by a perusal of those issued by shops that we know are genuine clearances.

And each establishment, it should be borne well in mind, has its specialities. After which unsolicited offerings of advice, I hasten to add that the sales have all the elements of being big successes this summer. A combination of adverse circumstances, political and atmospheric, has frankly rendered the season but a mild affair. And whatever comes now, the moment is passed for bettering the mercantile situation. There now only remains the sales.

A lingerie duet

The sympathetic alliance of blouse and hat provide one of the happiest notes of the season, the accompanying illustration depicting an originally designed embroidered lawn and lace slip, worn with a straight brim, boater shape, of *Broderie Anglaise*, worked over with tiny frills of Valenc ennes lace. At the left side two very pale blue tips fall over the hair, while a *cache-peigne* of blue tulle acquires the requisite tilt

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)

John Barker's, Kensington

One of the first to set the wheel revolving was the sought-after house of John Barker. This clearance may now be said to have settled down into pleasant running order, with remnant days on the 10th, 17th, 24th, and 31st. It is a point of honour with all wide-awake bargain-mongers to go to Kensington for silks, an unprecedentedly large stock prevailing at all times, and a clearance being always imperatively needed at the end of each season to provide room for fresh supplies. The silk of the year, Shantung, in approved pastel shades, has been reduced from 2*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 6½*d.* the yard, the fashionable voile of the moment, *voile de soie*, 40 in. wide, being offered at a like price. A larger drop than usual is made throughout the black silks, while the last-quoted price applies to several reliable lines of taffetas *glacés* suitable to slips and linings, and, of a consequence, well worth stocking.

To the far-seeing house wife, this sale invariably offers the rarest opportunities for replenishing supplies of the linen cupboard, kitchen, and household appurtenances generally. Chintz, for example, has fallen meekly under the ban of the blue pencil; a lovely trellis design in blue, rose, and green, 31 in. wide, clearing at 10½*d.* the yard, and those capital wearing printed taffetas commence at 1*s.* 11½*d.* Of course, this is merely a drop out of the big ocean of bargains at John Barker's, to all of which, in my rôle of critic, I am prepared to accord a special word of praise.

Bathing Dresses, Neither Banal Nor Bizarre

Even for those hopelessly uninspired, and indifferent, there is positively a certain saving grace of elegance introduced into the banal blue serge. The fact is being recognised at last, that frills below the dual under-garments are merely an excess of mistaken modesty, and that there is far less significance in knickers cut off just at or even slightly above the knee, while the tunic should just escape that line. The adoption of stockings is, undoubtedly, creeping into favour, and these certainly add enormously to the dressed appearance. It takes very exceptionally good extremities to stand with impunity the garish light of day, not to say sun, and many a girl has

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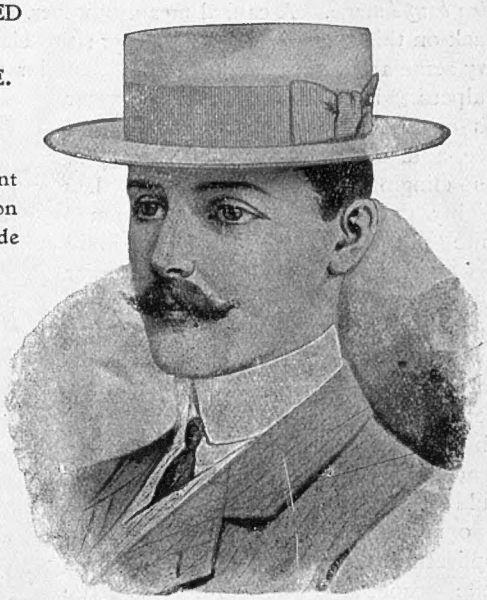

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Northumberland Avenue, W.C., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., London.

spoiled a good impression by wilfully neglecting quite reasonable opportunities for enhancing her appearance when bathing.

It is so stupidly British to be indifferent, although, on the other hand, there is no obligation to go the lengths of some of the French *demi-mondaine*, whose *toilettes des bains* boast all the extravagance of the *opéra bouffé* stage. A capital mean, however, is being struck on this side the Channel, where the claims of navy serge are giving way before the superior virtues of alpaca. Both in and out of the water this material has a smart silk appearance, and, when saturated through, is far less clinging, and, consequently, less weighty, than serge. Pale blue, trimmed white silk braid, or, sometimes, braid *passementerie*, has secured the premier vote of approval, and there is no discounting its attractive dainty appearance. There are, too, several shades of rose that will just manage to survive the average seaside holiday, and it is one or other of these roseate hues, in either alpaca or fine serge, that I am mentally building up the original design offered in our illustration. The embroidered applications are white, while a feature quite especially noticeable is the moderate square *décolletage*, defined by a shapely collar of the embroidery.

Kimonos and Tam-o'-Shanters

Then the kimono wrap of Turkish towelling is a welcome change from the stereotyped close-hooded dressing-gown wrap, an all-enveloping affair, that might justify many little escapades of a conventional nature.

In the matter of head covering, there is nothing new that I can discover. Popular choice appears to be amiably divided between a silken mackintosh Tam-o'-Shanter, now obtainable in practically every colour, together with innumerable tartan effects, and the picturesque "Bonne" or Normandy fancy.

Gloves at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody

One of the most genuinely clever pieces of enterprise of modern days was the placing of big orders for long gloves, a good year before the big demand set in, by the Wigmore Street establishment. That they are reaping the reward of such perspicacity goes without saying, and it is not too much to add that the glove counters here are literally besieged. For where else can you get long Saxe kid gloves at 2*s.* 11½*d.*, or 16 and 20-button white *mousse-quetaire* at 4*s.* 11*d.* It speaks volumes for the principles of the firm, that they have adhered to the small usual profits, notwithstanding the fact that the wholesale dealers are, at the moment, asking a higher price per pair than Messrs. Debenham and Freebody can afford to take retail.

A pretty bathing-dress in alpaca

(Drawn by K. Pleydel Young)